THE SPEAKER

SATURDAY, JULY 26, 1890.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

PARLIAMENT has been engaged during the week in the practical business which must be completed before the Session can come to an end. The Irish votes having been finished, there has not been so much room for bitter contentions between Ministers and the Opposition, and work of various kinds has been accomplished to the satisfaction of all parties. The debate on the Census Bill was, indeed, marked by an incident which threatened at one time seriously to disturb the harmony of the last days of the Session. The religious question was unexpectedly raised by a Tory member, and Ministers were ill-advised enough to show signs of yielding to the innovation, in spite of the promises they had made at an earlier period. For a time it looked as though the Opposition would be beaten, and beaten by as discreditable a trick as has ever been played in Parliament. Fortunately, in the interests of peace, and we may say of the Ministry itself, SIR HENRY JAMES intervened, and induced the Government to adhere to the understanding upon which the second reading of the Bill had been carried without opposition.

THERE was a slight breeze on the Radical benches in the House of Commons on Wednesday afternoon, the occasion being a somewhat desultory debate on the Post Office vote. MR. LABOUCHERE made some remarks regarding MR. MAHON, the Secretary to the Postmen's Union, which were resented by his own friends as implying that a Trades Unionist Secretary had no right to receive a salary. It is impossible to believe that MR. LABOUCHERE meant anything of the sort. The Secretary of a Trades Union has just as much right to be paid as a newspaper editor, a Cabinet Minister, or a Bishop. MR. LABOUCHERE can hardly have meant to assert the contrary. Whether MR. RAIKES was right or not in refusing to hold any communication with MAHON, can have no bearing whatever on the fact that the men paid the latter for his services. MR. LABOUCHERE was, however, fully justified in his comments upon the objectionable language which MAHON seems to have used during the strike. He certainly did little to help the cause of the men on strike by that language.

THE Heligoland debate in the House of Commons on Thursday night was made specially interesting by the constitutional point raised by MR. GLADSTONE. This was the contention that Ministers infringed upon the prerogative of the Crown by bringing in a Bill to sanction the cession of territory, such cession being strictly within the rights of the Crown, always, of course, acting on the responsibility of Ministers. There can be no doubt that MR. GLADSTONE was strictly accurate in his opinion, the expression of which seemed to take Ministers by surprise. This is by no means the first occasion, however, on which the Liberal leader has appeared as the defender of old constitutional usage against the innovations of a Conservative Government. So far as the general merits of the Anglo-German agreement were concerned, the case was well put by MR. BRYCE, in a speech to which no answer has yet been given. The attempt of MR. SMITH to closure the debate was frustrated by the action of the Speaker.

THAT the Porte should agree to recognise PRINCE FERDINAND as *de jure* ruler of Bulgaria was not to be expected, for to have granted this request of M. STAMBULOFF would have been to give a slap in the face to Russia, which the Turks are in no state to do, with the constant pressure from Russia on the subject of the war indemnity keeping them uneasy. The concession, made to the Bulgarians in the recognition of their prelates in Macedonia, is one of great importance. It was the ecclesiastical cohesion of the Bulgarians that first drew them politically together, and the extension of Church influence in Macedonia will have far-reaching results.

THE talk of LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL'S return to the Ministry, of which a good deal has been heard during the past fortnight, will be strengthened by the proceedings at the Conservative Club on Wednesday. LORD RANDOLPH'S speech on that occasion was everything that the most ardent of Conservatives could have wished, even to the foolish and insincere boastings in which he indulged as to the present state of political feeling in the country. It was hailed with delight by the gentlemen present, and they at least made no secret of their hope that they would soon again have LORD RANDOLPH on the Treasury Bench. Still, in spite of the efforts which are being made by his friends, it does not seem likely that LORD RANDOLPH will be re-admitted to the Ministry. It is at least certain that he must alter his terms before the door can be opened to him. To take him back as Leader of the House, and virtually head of the Administration, would be a confession of despair on the part of LORD SALISBURY and his colleagues. We may rest assured that LORD RANDOLPH'S return to the Government would mean that we were on the eve of a general election.

THERE has been much discussion during the past week or two on the question of private Bills. The popular dissatisfaction with the present mode of legislation has long been growing. The costliness of the process by which private Bills are passed is notorious; but the costliness is a small objection compared to the uncertainty. The fact that the Committees of the two Houses so often differ in their views, and that a Bill which has been successfully piloted through the Commons may hardly get a hearing in the Lords, is yet another reason for dissatisfaction with the present system. So strong is the feeling that many persons who are interested in private Bill legislation are seriously contemplating the possibility of a sweeping reform which would provide one tribunal instead of two, and simplify as well as cheapen the process by which Bills are made law.

THE General Purposes Committee of the National Liberal Federation have taken an important and judicious step in relation to Welsh Disestablishment. For some time past there has been a certain measure of dissatisfaction among Welsh Radicals owing to the supposed indifference of English Liberals to the question of Disestablishment in Wales. This dissatisfaction has now been dispelled by the undertaking given by MR. SCHNADHORST, on behalf of the General Purposes Committee, that at its next annual meeting the Federation will be asked to pass a resolution,

the practical effect of which will be that Welsh Disestablishment will form the next item in the Liberal programme after the carrying of Home Rule.

THE language of MR. JUSTICE HARRISON, when on circuit in Galway, certainly requires explanation. It was on the face of it a deliberate recommendation to the people of the district to resort to lynch law, though against whom they were to act does not appear. MR. BALFOUR was to give some explanation of the judge's extraordinary conduct last night; and as it is probable that the explanation will have reference to personal rather than political matters, it may be hoped that the regretable incident will pass off without any outbreak of party passion.

THE punishment inflicted upon the Guards for their partial defiance of their officers has been a topic of general remark during the week. There can be no doubt that the transfer of the battalion to a foreign station is a wholesome step, and though foreign service ought not to be regarded as a punishment by a soldier, yet under the circumstances it is a pretty severe one for troops who had every reason to believe that they were permanently settled in London. But with regard to the step taken by the Commander-in-Chief in sending certain scapegoats, the senior men in each company, before a court-martial, which has sentenced them to long terms of imprisonment, there is a very different state of feeling. Such a step may be regarded as necessary for the maintenance of military discipline; but it clashes rudely with ordinary ideas of justice; and there is every reason to hope that the authorities will see fit to remit the sentences.

SIR JOHN LUBBOCK'S election as Chairman of the County Council has been carried by a majority large enough to prove that the new Chairman will practically command the confidence of the Council as a whole. For the reasons which we stated last week, we certainly think that the Council has done well in securing as LORD ROSEBERY'S successor a gentleman in whom the most bitter opponents of Metropolitan self-government profess to have confidence, and who has shown himself from the first thoroughly loyal to the Council when it has been attacked in the House of Commons. At the same time it is impossible not to feel that the unfortunate London County Council has had more than its fair share of bad luck since its formation. The death of MR. FIRTH was as severe a blow as it could well have received, and it was a blow which fell with special severity upon the progressive majority. To have lost not only its Deputy-Chairman, MR. FIRTH, but now its Chairman, LORD ROSEBERY, within little more than eighteen months of its establishment, cannot but be regarded as a singular piece of bad fortune for a body which, in any case, must have had to face its full share of difficulties.

THE debate on the Eight Hours Question which came off at St. James's Hall on Wednesday, between MR. BRADLAUGH, M.P., and MR. HYNDMAN, seems to have been a somewhat disappointing affair. At all events, considering the real ability and earnestness of both disputants, we might reasonably have expected that more vigour would have been shown in argumentation, and that some freshness would have been infused into the well-worn theme. Still, the weight of argument, such as it was, was unquestionably on the side of the opponent of a uniform eight hours day. MR. HYNDMAN had indeed taken so uncompromising a line as the advocate of a maximum of eight hours work for workmen of every class, that he could hardly have hoped to win the sympathy or assent of his audience. Yet it was clear alike from MR. BRADLAUGH'S remarks, and from the temper shown by the audience, that the feeling of all was strongly in favour of reduced hours of work, wherever such reduction was practicable, without an interference with the individual rights of the workmen.

SOME important questions have recently been asked in Parliament with reference to the employment of women in the public service. It is not very generally known that the Royal Commission on Civil establishments reported a couple of years ago very strongly in favour of the employment of women. Upon this subject, they said, "We call attention to the evidence of SIR A. WEST, in which he speaks of the satisfactory work which women do in the large Inland Revenue Offices, especially in the use of type-writers. In the Post Office there is a large staff of female clerks employed in the Accounts and other branches. We agree," they added, "with the views of the Playfair Commission, that there is no reason why the employment of female clerks should not be extended to other departments where the circumstances will admit of it." Unfortunately, these recommendations have only been carried out to a very limited extent, and hon. members have, therefore, acted wisely in bringing the matter to the notice of Ministers. Another way in which it has been suggested that women might be usefully employed is in connection with the taking of the census, and we are glad to observe that MR. RITCHIE has promised to call the attention of registrars throughout the country to the subject.

THE Stock Markets have been utterly lifeless this week. The plot discovered amongst the officers of the Buenos Ayres garrison to get rid of the Argentine President caused somewhat of a scare, and prices fell sharply. As, however, matters have not grown worse, there is a tendency, as the week closes, to put up prices a little. Then, again, it is generally concluded that the Egyptian Daira Conversion must be a complete failure. It is said that the holders of the old bonds are nearly all sending in their bonds for redemption, and it is assumed that there will be so few subscriptions for the new bonds that practically the contractors will have to take the whole loan. Then there are rumours of difficulties in Constantinople, while the condition of the Balkan peninsula inspires apprehension. Everywhere, therefore, there is a tendency to restrict business as much as possible. At the same time trade continues to improve satisfactorily. The railway traffic returns are exceedingly good, and though the reports that are now coming out show that the working expenses have increased largely this year, yet the dividends are well maintained, and are likely to be so in the second half of the year.

THE Money Market has been somewhat easier this week, gold to the amount of £415,000 having been received from New York, and there being an expectation that much more will be sent into the Bank. In consequence the supply in the outside market was larger, and the bill-brokers were able to repay to the Bank over two millions. The discount rate, too, has somewhat declined, the banks in several instances taking bills at 3⅞ per cent.; but at the close of the week the market was inclined to harden once more, for there are again reports that the great financial houses are about to lend the Argentine Government ten millions sterling. It is known that gold is required by the Bank of Spain, by the Egyptian Government, and for Constantinople; while it is certain that, except from New York, very little can be expected. The feeling of uncertainty therefore continues, and there is much regret that the Directors of the Bank of England did not a fortnight ago raise their rate to 5 per cent., so as to attract gold.

NEXT SESSION.

THE signs of the end have been very evident in Parliament during the present week. None of these signs is more manifest, and none in its way more gratifying, than the rapidity and ease with which work has been got through. It is during these latest days of the Session that we often see Parliament at its best—and have to sigh over the sad fact that it is not always as it is just now. But the Irish votes having been finished, the contentious Bills withdrawn, and Ministers having dropped that curious air of bluster which they insist upon wearing at other times, little remains save for the exhausted members to aid the Government in "winding up" the business of the Session in time to allow every man to have a turn at the grouse on the Twelfth—always supposing him to have a moor or a gun.

It is not of the present Session that men are thinking nowadays. The curtain has, to all intents and purposes, already fallen upon the play, with its exciting tableaux, its strange and varied incidents, its few triumphs, and its memorable failure. But no sooner will the doors of Westminster Hall be closed than both Ministers and members must of necessity turn their thoughts to the future. The battle in which the last flagging shots are now being fired by the parting hosts will be renewed in November. How will the two parties then stand? What field will they choose? What fortunes will attend them? It may be taken for granted that Ministers will make a desperate effort to retrieve their damaged fortunes during the recess. But how can they hope to succeed in the attempt? One by one the various modes of relief to which they have turned in succession during the past six months have been cut off from them. A couple of months back they seemed to think that nothing was needed to re-establish them beyond the withdrawal of Mr. Smith from a position for which, physically at least, he was evidently unfit. Mr. Smith was to go to his honourable rest in the House of Lords. Mr. Goschen was to reign in his stead on the Treasury Bench. That was the programme which was accepted last May. But to-day it is as stale as the *menu* of last week's dinner. It is known now, at all events, that Mr. Goschen, to whose good qualities we wish to do full justice, is out of the question as leader of the House of Commons. He has taken as much pains to impress this fact upon the House itself as most men take to win the favour of that critical assembly. It is clear, therefore, that Mr. Smith cannot retire in favour of Mr. Goschen, the "hostage" of the Liberal Unionists in the Ministerial camp, who is loved by his neighbours just as much as hostages usually are. But cannot Mr. Balfour take the place of leader? Those who ask that question must be strangely ignorant of the real condition of things in Parliament at present. Mr. Balfour's elevation to the leadership would mean his retirement from the Irish Secretaryship, and that in its turn would mean the death of Balfourism. Men may at times "rise on stepping-stones of their dead selves"; but in this particular case the humiliation to which Mr. Balfour would be compelled to submit before he could attain the dignity of the leadership would be altogether too great to be endured. There remain Lord Hartington and Lord Randolph Churchill as possible successors of Mr. Smith. But the former declines—somewhat unfairly, we maintain—any portion of direct responsibility for the Ministry and the policy which are to so large an extent at his mercy. And there is no reason to suppose that he can be induced to alter his attitude.

As to Lord Randolph Churchill, there can be no doubt that a very active section of the Tory party is at present engaged in trying to bring him back to his old place on the Treasury bench. We have no need to read between the lines of his speech on Wednesday at the Conservative Club, in order to satisfy ourselves of this fact. Lord Randolph has staunch and powerful friends. Some of them are to be found among the Liberal Unionists; many more are within the general fold of Toryism; a few—a very few—are among the elect to whose opinions Ministers are ready to hearken. But despite his own great ability, and his powerful backing, we cannot bring ourselves to believe that Lord Randolph is the destined saviour of the present Government. After all, there are some humiliations too great to be endured, even by a Tory Prime Minister anxious to keep himself in office. We do not pretend to admire Lord Salisbury or Mr. Smith; but we do not think quite so badly of them as to believe that they will purchase a respite from their impending doom by meek submission to the most cruel degradation to which an English statesman has ever been exposed.

Our belief is, therefore, that when Parliament reassembles, Mr. Smith will still be in charge of the interests of the Government in the House of Commons, and that no great change will be visible among the occupants of the Treasury bench. How far this circumstance is likely to strengthen the Ministry for the conflict they must face next year, our readers can easily decide for themselves. But, though Mr. Smith may not be a more efficient leader in 1891 than he was in 1890, the Ministerial policy may be of such a character that it will command a greater amount of support, both in Parliament and the country, than was secured by the abortive policy of the present year. This, at all events, is the hope to which Ministers and their supporters cling. Is it likely to be realised? A moment's consideration must prove the contrary. True, the licensing-compensation scheme will not reappear. But what must of necessity constitute the main features of next year's Ministerial programme? The Tithes Bill and the Irish Land Bill! Now all the world knows that it was the hearty abhorrence of these measures by the supporters of the Government which brought about the shipwreck of the present Session. No sane man can really believe that either of these Bills will be more acceptable to the Tory party next year than they are now; yet both must be brought forward again, and both must be carried if Ministers are to remain in office. Nay, an additional complication has been introduced into the Irish Land Question since it was last before the House. Mr. Parnell has made a certain proposal to Mr. Balfour, which the latter will be bound to accept if he really wishes to carry his Bill. But by accepting it he will make the measure still more distasteful to the Irish landlords than it now is. Such is the prospect Ministers have before them next Session. They will meet Parliament with the same men and the same measures,—the men who have been beaten and humiliated—the measures which have been detested and withdrawn. Can anybody pretend that it is a hopeful prospect, or that the Government will make their programme more acceptable to their followers or the country, merely by introducing it in November instead of waiting till the usual time for the assembling of Parliament?

THE CENSUS IN ENGLAND.

EVEN the most obstinate among us sometimes succumb to the teachings of adversity. If the history of the present Session has taught the Government nothing else, it has at least taught them at the end of July not to attempt too much. The consequences of this late-found wisdom are not, however, entirely satisfactory; for one result is that, in order to help the Census Bill through Parliament, Ministers have apparently determined to make it as small a measure as they can. The outcome of the many suggestions which they have received on the subject, and which they laid before a Select Committee, is to be found in the unambitious regulations which Mr. Ritchie has proposed. Taken as a whole they do not amount to much. All persons, under the new Census, will be required to tell us whether they rank as employers or employed, whether they live on their means or not, and, in the case of small households living in rooms, how many rooms their families inhabit. Beyond these three points no information will be demanded. No change will be made in the date of taking the Census. No steps will be taken in the direction of organising an experienced staff of skilful workers for the purpose. This is the day of little things, and, whatever the future may have in store, the Government will undertake no more ambitious projects for the present.

To all those who are lovers of statistics, and to the larger world which holds that statistics, however deceptive in their nature, are essential as a basis for legislation, such limitations will seem disappointing. Mr. Ritchie's trite and general argument, that the more questions that are asked the more falsehoods will be told, tells, so far as it tells at all, for some more safe and expert system of inquiry, and is a poor reason at the best for narrowing the character of the returns. As compared with the practice of other countries, the information procured by our census will be very meagre. On the point of education other States make free inquiries; we make none. On the point of physical condition — the number of halt and maimed and blind in the community — other States wisely ask for information; we ask for none. Yet till some such statistics are forthcoming, it will be vain to look for proper national treatment of those unfortunates for whom the Poor Law is too timid or too parsimonious to provide, and whom the high authorities of the State neglect. On the important point of how many months each "employed" person works during the year, other countries obtain useful figures; we obtain none. On other matters still—as to statistics of crime, statistics of philanthropy, statistics of marriage and of social ties—our Census is equally silent. Other agencies less easily alarmed than Parliament, less routine-bound than Departmental Ministers, have tried the experiment of asking these questions of the poor, and have not found it very difficult to obtain fairly accurate replies. The Charity Organisation Society, amid some errors it may be, succeeds on the whole in obtaining information on many such necessary points, and in checking it sufficiently. In a similar fashion Mr. Booth has recently, with rare skill and patience, amassed a rich store of industrial statistics as to the habits and condition of the people of London. Surely a State authority, acting with more power, with less invidiousness, and with a less disputed claim, need not despair of discovering what private philanthropists can ascertain. The truth is —not that such information is out of the reach of Government inquiries, but that, to obtain it, a more complete system would be necessary, a more frequent Census, and a permanent staff. And that, of course, entails more cost. The Select Committee recommended a quinquennial Census and the establishment of a permanent Census Office. Mr. Courtney, the Chairman of the Select Committee, supported their proposals in no grudging terms. But the disinclination of Ministers to face fresh labours, and the commanding niggardliness of Treasury officials, have, for the time, defeated the wishes of the Committee, and the essential features of their plan have been overlooked. The result is that the present Census Bill can be regarded as a makeshift only; for until something like the recommendations of the Committee be adopted, and a more thorough and disciplined endeavour made to render the returns comprehensive and effectual, we shall never have an authoritative official statement of the social and economic conditions of life in this country. And without the ampler knowledge which such an authoritative statement would afford, we can do comparatively little to advance those measures of reform to which the hopes of social reconstructors turn.

One other small point calls for notice in the debates on the Bill this week; it is the defeat of the attempt made to introduce a religious test into the Census. The proposal originated among the less important Tories; it was supported with the peculiarly inept intemperance which characterises certain Ministerial offshoots; and, to the indignation of the Liberals, it was treated by Mr. Ritchie on Tuesday in a manner which suggested that the Government looked tenderly on a proposal which formally they had affected to oppose. Liberal members were quick to denounce this insidious conduct, and for a moment the House was threatened with a controversy as bitter as it must have been resultless. Happily Sir Henry James, in whom the flame of Liberal principle still burns, though half extinguished, came forward and put the matter on its true footing, by leaving the political issue aside, and urging the abstract undesirability of requiring people to define their religious views at all. Thereupon Mr. Smith took courage to throw Mr. Ritchie over, and the proposal ultimately failed. After that, in spite of its shortcomings, the Census Bill passed smoothly through the House, and we must now wait for a Liberal Government to make those shortcomings good.

MR. RHODES'S PREMIERSHIP.

THE announcement that Mr. Cecil Rhodes had added the Cape Premiership to his other Imperial labours has been received in England with a lively and very general satisfaction. Mr. Rhodes, with his open cheque-book, is the Bayard —or, perhaps, rather the Colonel North—of the new Imperialism; and anything which seems to strengthen his position, and increase his opportunities of usefulness, is a cause of political satisfaction. It may well, however, be conceived that his new honours are neither so advantageous for himself or for us English, as represented by Her Majesty's Ministers, as might, on first thoughts, be supposed. Just as M. Waddington, because he was at Rugby and rowed in the Cambridge eight, is impelled to be a greater stickler for French claims than would a French ambassador who was a born Gaul, so Mr. Rhodes may feel it incumbent on him to refuse compliance with the wishes of the Imperial Government in cases where an Afrikaander born and bred would yield with alacrity and grace. Then, again, the labours and responsibilities which the new Premier has cumulated on his own shoulders are surely more than human strength can sustain. The government of the Cape Colony is extremely laborious in itself — because of local and race

rivalries, and of the socialistic and paternal character of the Administration. It is a country in which, to ensure prosperity—nay, human existence itself—Nature and the elements must be combated at every instant—not only by the individual worker, but by the community as a whole, acting through the Cape Town Ministers. Phylloxera, scab, drought, floods, horse-sickness, cattle-disease, "influenza among ostriches"—all these things will claim his ceaseless attention, unless the Colonists who have confided their welfare to him are to know calamity. But his Cape work is less than one-third of his whole task. The subduing of the "Land of Ophir" to civilisation is a branch of his daily task equally heavy. He must, just now, be harassed night and day—if he is a man subject to harassment—by the dread of a telegram announcing that "Lo Ben," as our word-clipping countrymen call him, has fallen on the flank of his expedition and wiped it off the face of Africa. Then, when he can put away this haunting fear, there is the plague of black-mailers always upon him—the aggrieved people who declare that his charter conflicts with their prior claims, and who *must* be given shares, "or they'll mail the whole facts to Labby." But not all these labours and torments, connected with the duplex government of Africa from Table Mountain to Zambesi, can at all compare, in point of responsibility and anxiety, with those connected with the control of the affairs of "the De Beers Consolidated Mines," which are also laid upon his shoulders. It was the De Beers Company which first made Mr. Rhodes famous, and which still gives him his great power in Africa and the Empire. If he was not a bachelor, incapable of spending money on luxury—nay, even on comfort—and if he did not thus command a private fortune which men reckon in millions—all based upon the De Beers mines—his friends would be few, and his enemies, who are already numerous and watchful, would be innumerable and untiring. Unfortunately Mr. Rhodes, by his advocacy of the policy of restricting the output of the diamond in the markets of the world, has to a great extent incurred the enmity of the Jewish element in European finance. The restriction of the output was found to threaten with starvation some thousands of the humbler members of the Jewish community in Holland, who depended upon the diamond-cutting industry for their living; and many of the powerful Jewish financiers in the European markets, influenced by that pathetic sentiment of comradeship which binds rich and poor among the Hebrew people, were thus led some time ago to form a sort of anti-Rhodes ring, which, if his care for the De Beers Company were once to be relaxed, might work its ruin, bringing down with it the whole fabric of his South African power and prestige. If, as we apprehend, his triple labours are too much for him, it would, we conceive, be better on the whole, both for himself and for this country, that he should lay down the active direction of the South African Company. With singular ability he has perfected the machinery of his scheme, and fairly launched it on its way. Whether it will succeed or fail must depend on circumstances which he can now neither control nor avert. What has to be done, pending disaster or success, might nearly as well be done by the forty or fifty able administrators who are gnawing their hearts out in the idleness of Club-land. We should decidedly prefer this solution of the difficulty to that which Mr. Laing has so ignominiously failed in persuading the Cape Parliament to adopt, namely—the retirement of Mr. Rhodes from the Cape premiership, which he has only just taken up. Not that, if we had been Cape colonists, we should have failed to perceive the anomalies involved in the conduct of Cape affairs by the managing director of the British South African Company. The Colony and the Company stand in such close and complex relations to one another, chiefly in connection with the Bechuanaland Railway, that for one man to do justice to both, would require an impartiality of temperament equal to that of Mr. W. S. Gilbert's Lord Chancellor, who committed himself for contempt of his own Court; or, to take an example from real life, that entirely virtuous chief constable in Lancashire, who recently prosecuted himself to conviction for allowing his dog to appear in the street unmuzzled.

As Cape Premier, but still retaining a general interest in the great scheme which his brain devised, we think that Mr. Rhodes would be best able to support Sir Henry Loch, influence President Krüger, and generally help forward that welding of Imperial and Colonial interests on which the whole future of our South African Dominion depends.

DISCIPLINE IN THE ARMY.

IT is a long time since any question affecting the discipline of the army has attracted the amount of public attention which has been given to the misconduct of the Second Battalion of Grenadier Guards. The military spirit is uncommonly strong among us—nation of shopkeepers though we may be—and a gross display of insubordination in one of our foremost regiments has naturally startled the country not a little. So far as the case of this particular battalion is concerned there is little to be said. The act of insubordination of which the men were guilty, though slight in itself, was one which it was impossible to condone; and we think that upon the whole the authorities have acted wisely as well as vigorously in the steps which they have taken to punish the erring battalion. In one particular, indeed, it is difficult to approve of the course taken by the Commander-in-Chief. To inflict a specially severe punishment upon certain men, not because they were more guilty than their comrades, but because it was necessary to "make an example," is just one of those pieces of folly by which fussy incapacity tries to hide its own weakness. If the six men who have been sent to prison for long terms deserved that punishment, it is quite clear that all their comrades deserved it also. We may be told that it would have been impossible to send the whole battalion to prison; but if that be so, then none ought to have been sent, unless some special degree of wrong-doing could have been brought home to particular individuals. It would have been far better to have treated the whole battalion with still greater severity than has been shown towards it, than to resort to a system of scapegoats, and to punish half a dozen unfortunate men for the sins of the whole regiment. We cannot believe that the sentences upon these men will be carried out; but the mere fact that such sentences have been passed is in itself distinctly repugnant to ordinary notions of justice.

That the discipline of the army must be maintained is one of those truisms which everybody can utter, but which unfortunately comparatively few persons really appreciate. It is in view of this aspect of the question—the maintenance of discipline throughout the whole army—that the incident at the Wellington Barracks acquires its real and gravest significance. For unfortunately, when we look beyond the act of the Guardsmen, we are compelled to admit that there must be something out of joint in the whole system of army organisation, or this small revolt could never have occurred. What are the

facts? We are told that the whole source of the evil was the conduct of the officer commanding the regiment in harassing the men with unnecessary drills. This may or may not be the case. The fact that Colonel Maitland has been relieved of his command certainly points to the probability of his having had a direct responsibility for the disaffection in the regiment; but we know nothing on this point ourselves beyond the loose gossip current in the clubs. Still, if we assume for a moment that the statement is true, what a vivid light does it throw upon the defects of our army organisation! Here, according to this theory, is a regiment harassed into a state of incipient mutiny by the indiscretions of its commander, and yet not one of his superiors in the service seems to have known anything whatever of the real state of things. If it had been a regiment stationed in some remote corner of the world, if there had been no officer superior to Colonel Maitland within a thousand miles of him, we might have understood how it was that nobody knew what was happening. But here was the case of a crack regiment of Guards, positively stationed within a stone's-throw of the War Office, with all the Headquarters Staff and the Home District Staff swarming about its barracks, with the Commander-in-Chief in daily sight of it, which was yet fretted into this fever of insubordination without any one even guessing at the truth. How are we to account for this most culpable ignorance on the part of Colonel Maitland's superiors? How comes it that neither the General in command of the Home District, the Adjutant-General, nor the Commander-in-Chief, knew what was passing in this fine regiment? Are we to assume that it is no part of the duties of these high functionaries to make themselves acquainted with what is going on in the army? If that be the case, then the sooner the present system is remedied the better for both army and nation. For our part, just as we have objected to the creation of scapegoats among the men, so do we object to the attempt to find scapegoats among the officers. Colonel Maitland may have been to blame, but if so there are others, much higher in rank, who are not less blameworthy.

It is impossible to get rid of this bad business merely by shipping the battalion to Bermuda. The men deserved punishment, for the sake of the discipline of the army, and they have received it; but they do not stand alone. Either there is a scandalous defect in the whole organisation of our army, or there has been a clear neglect of duty on the part of those who are at the head or near the head of that organisation. Which is the case? Not being military experts, we must pause for a reply; but we fervently trust that the reply will in due time be forthcoming. Our little army is a very costly one; but we have always been told, and we have been proud to believe it, that in its own way it was the best army in the world. If, however, it has fallen into such a state that one of the finest regiments in the service may, for weeks at a stretch, be seething with mutiny within sight of the War Office itself, without any one of the numerous generals and commanders who constitute the Headquarters Staff being aware of the fact, the sooner we know it for the sham it actually is the better.

It may seem a "far cry" from the Wellington Barracks to Dublin Castle, from the insubordination among the Guardsmen to the appointment of Lord Wolseley as Commander-in-Chief in Ireland, but in reality it is nothing of the kind. The one matter affects the maintenance of discipline in the army almost as closely as the other does. For Lord Wolseley as a clever and capable soldier we entertain a sincere respect. If his services have been well rewarded, they have not been unworthy of their recompense. But Lord Wolseley is not merely a soldier. He has forgotten in an evil moment the axiom that the soldier must belong to no party, and he has seen fit to plunge into the party politics of the country with a zeal that has apparently outrun discretion. We honestly confess that we attach so little weight to his political speeches that under ordinary circumstances we should not dream of referring to them; but remembering the language he has used on the question of Home Rule—or, as he prefers to call it, the dismemberment of the Empire—it is impossible not to feel that he ought never to be sent to fill the great position of Commander-in-Chief in Ireland, unless the authorities at the War Office wish to drag the army into the vortex of party politics. Surely enough has been done, under the *régime* of Mr. Balfour, to destroy the confidence of the Irish people in the impartiality of police and magistrates. It cannot be the desire of any wise soldier that the army also should be regarded throughout Ireland as a mere weapon of the Unionist party. "No politics in the army," forsooth! How can discipline be maintained in this matter if our most distinguished generals not only grant themselves the liberty of making political speeches, but are appointed to the very posts for which political partisanship should constitute an absolute disqualification?

LONDON'S WATER TRIBUTE.

"FINE words butter no parsnips," and Londoners are not likely to be much benefited by Mr. Ritchie's Platonic sympathy with the idea of a municipal water supply. Water, indeed, takes its place alongside of beer as a subject historically fatal even to strong Governments, and the President of the Local Government Board will not be allowed by his colleagues to risk any repetition of the failure of the Home Secretary of 1880. The "rights of property" involved are much too powerful to be dealt with directly by a Ministry otherwise than by virtual bribery; and in questions of compensation—whether this be for water privileges, beer licences, perpetual pensions, or even bolts and bars—the tender mercies of the Conservatives are cruel indeed. No Ministry tottering to its fall will face the storm of public obloquy which such virtual bribery of London's "water lords" must inevitably awake.

The money question is, however, the smallest part of the difficulty. The present London water supply is neither adequate in amount nor safe in quality. The mere growth of population, without any increase of the quantity per head, is rapidly overtaking the limit of the present sources. But the quantity per head must of necessity be rapidly increased. At present little more than half the tenements in London have a constant supply at all. Everyone knows that sanitary requirements are advancing and ought to advance rapidly. It is equally clear that baths and washhouses, swimming ponds, fountains, and other conveniences are being multiplied. It is only the other day that the County Council arranged to do the scavenging of some of the dirtiest East End streets by flushing them with fire hose. As for the public health, we are at present placing a very optimistic reliance on inspection of fittings, but it is becoming daily more clear that some at least of our present water sources will have to be discarded before long. It is not a difficult sum in municipal arithmetic to put these concurrent causes together and calculate the date when the first city of the world will find itself in the midst of a dry summer face to face with a cholera scare and a water famine.

If the Metropolis of the Empire possessed the municipal powers of a provincial Town Council, or a Scotch "Royal Burgh," the way out of the difficulty would be obvious enough. A resolution in the Council, a public inquiry, a scheme by the best available water engineer, would lead, with the least possible delay, to an ordinary local Act of Parliament and a new supply from the nearest uncontaminated source. The existing mains and plant would be taken over at a valuation, fixed after the due amount of haggling between the "Water Committee" and the representatives of the companies, and within five years Londoners would be drinking pure soft water from Leith Hill or a Welsh lake, and cleaning the streets with the liquid from the Thames and Lea with which this generation has hitherto vainly attempted to satisfy the requirements of five millions of people.

By the wisdom of Mr. Ritchie, London is not allowed to take this course. The London County Council has no power even to establish a committee of inquiry into the supply of London with water, much less to promote a Bill to give itself the powers necessary for negotiations with the eight powerful companies in whose grip London now lies helpless.

Every day the question becomes more urgent. Two years have already been lost by the omission of all water powers from the Act of 1888, and by Mr. Ritchie's refusal to tolerate the water inquiry clause of last year's County Council Money Bill. That clause has now been passed by the House of Commons in the County Council Powers Bill of this Session, but it is still in peril in the House of Lords. Meanwhile, we have pending the usual quinquennial reassessment of the Metropolis, and an agitation, by no means confined to the Liberal party, for a suspension of the unlimited increments of the water rate. Even the London vestries have made a collective protest. The County Council have petitioned, and for once even Mr. Baumann agrees with them. Mr. Causton has brought in a Bill, and has expressed his readiness to accept any reasonable modification of it. If the Government chose to take it any night at eleven o'clock, they could pass any tolerable arrangement with the general assent of all parties. Yet, though they have wasted weeks in marking time since the famous majority of four, they now tell us they can do nothing beyond the expression of a pious opinion that it would be better if the County Council were the water authority, and of a Platonic desire that some day (when they are gone) and on some terms (increased by the capitalised equivalent of the forthcoming rise in rates), this obvious function of London's administrative authority will be graciously entrusted to it.

Excellent as is this pious aspiration of Mr. Ritchie, it will be a pity if his suggestion is allowed to divert attention from the present immediate issue. Whether London is to buy out the water companies or not, there is no sense in presenting them with another of these quinquennial bonuses which, as even Lord Salisbury admits, were not in the contemplation of the Legislature when the Metropolis Valuation Act was passed.

The conveniences of paying for water supply by a general rate rather than by meter are evident and admitted. But a water rate which rises with the "unearned increment" of the value of metropolitan houses, and which is added to every time that the rateable assessment for general charges is increased by the inclusion of such items as advertisement spaces, or machinery, or licences, is flat extortion when it is levied by private persons for their own profit, and without any corresponding increase either in the supply of water or the cost of it.

There is no question of confiscation in a Suspensory Bill. Everyone admits that the companies are getting far more than they bargained for, and more than anyone foresaw. The quinquennial valuation was established in 1869, long after the water companies, not for the adjustment of our water bill, but for the better distribution of the cost of London government. There is absolutely no reason why we should not declare that the present water rate on any tenement shall be a high-water mark of "unearned increment," and that if the water companies ever seek to levy a greater charge, they shall show cause for it by proving increased use or cost.

Meanwhile, the general question of what London shall drink must be kept steadily in view. Legal monopoly there is none. Each company came as a private speculation, and must meet all natural competitors as best it can. The artesian schemes have been only partially successful, but they serve to illustrate the principle. If Meux's Brewery or the St. Pancras Vestry may sink wells, the central authority may build an aqueduct. If they do not wish to build it in a panic, it is high time that they made some beginning with the plans.

THE OXFORD SUMMER MEETING.

VERILY the old University of Oxford is waking up, and is beginning to feel in earnest that it is a great national institution. The programme for the third summer meeting of the University Extension and other non-University students is now before the public; and the session which is to open on August 1st promises to be the most important that has yet been held. In plain words, it is intended that, during the Oxford Long Vacation, the University with its appliances and teaching staff shall be opened for rather more than a month to upwards of 1,000 non-University students gathered from all parts of the country. Last summer more than this number took part in the vacation session; of these more than two-thirds were already members of one of the various University Extension movements. That is to say, the great majority of the summer students were not casual visitors to Oxford, but came up to get guidance and stimulus in a course of training with which they were already familiar. The Oxford branch of the University Extension movement has just doubled its numbers in four years, and now counts not much less than 20,000 members. If this rate of increase can be maintained, and if the vacation life of the University is to be as active as its term life, the University will begin to tell honestly upon the nation, and may yet become a University of the people and not an upper-class academy. Then the summer or vacation courses will be like the autumn training of the volunteers, national reserves, or second line of defence; and the University Extension will answer to the territorial army of the great Continental war organisation.

Practical men have long seen with sorrow that the stately foundations of Oxford and her imposing machinery of mental growth hybernate (as Pat would say) during the whole summer, and are only at work for less than half the year. Three terms of about eight weeks each are said to use up the energies of students and tutors; and for some twenty-six weeks in the year, we are told, it is not good for either students or teachers to remain within sound of "Tom." Various explanations are given of this phenomenon, as they are given of most phenomena. The students are not, as a rule, suffered to remain a day over the full term. The tutors are usually off like the swallows to another country or even another continent. Some say that men go away from Oxford in order to read quietly, and this school of exegesis asserts that they come to Oxford to play. Some say that the pace is so tremendous during term, the

examinations so incessant, and the struggle for class-list life so fierce, that all intellectual activity would be paralysed unless students and teachers could be "got away" for a little quiet for at least half the year. An acute head of a College tells me that the Easter Vacation is arranged to let the Dons go to Constantinople and Athens. Your Oxford "Don" is nothing if not a geographer and an antiquary; and few of them think life worth living if they do not know the museums, cathedrals, and capitals of Europe, the Alps, the Apennines, and the Carpathians, at least as well as Baedeker, or if they could not pass a local examination in Sicily, Attica, the Ægean Sea, and the Hellespont.

Whatever the cause, the fact is plain. For many generations Oxford in the Long Vacation has been a true City of the Briar-Rose. The Colleges are silent and empty; the gardens are delivered up to children and townspeople: Cook's tourists swarm there in batches as if they were in the Baths of Caracalla or the Duomo of Torcello: but the University as a living body is no more to be seen in Oxford than are the Druids to be seen at Stonehenge. A learned head of his College who loved research more than the unripe undergraduate, notoriously lived in Oxford only in vacation, when the town was at peace and study was possible. He used to say that he passed the larger part of his life in his own College, in the manner contemplated by the statutes of his pious founder, on whose meditative soul the undergraduate of the future had not dawned.

All that is changed. Oxford has now an academic life in vacation quite as active, if at present not so long, as its academic life in term. Somebody who represents Mr. Burne Jones' anæmic fairy prince has entered the Palace of the Briar-Rose: and the University awakes from its spell. On August 1st, the Vice-Chancellor himself will rise out of slumber in his chair, will call on Professor Max Müller to give his inaugural address; the Tutors, Professors, Dons, and Pokers will rub their eyes and declare that they have not had so much as forty winks; the Clerk of the Schools will be as busy, exact, and omniscient as ever; Mr. Jackson's beautiful Jacobean staircase will be thronged as if "Greats," "Mods," and "Smalls" were all on at once; Mr. S. R. Gardiner will discourse about his own great-great- (to the ninth power) grandfather, Oliver Cromwell, about whom Mr. Gardiner knows more than any man now living in Europe—more (men say) than even Mr. Reginald Palgrave, the profound, judicious, impartial, and accurate Clerk of the House of Commons. Then Dr. Murray will give an account of the English language, and of the English Dictionary; Mr. Churton Collins will expound the poets (bar one); Mr. A. Sidgwick will enlarge on Virgil; and Mr. Seymour Haden on etching, and so forth; each man dealing with what he knows and loves. Thus the spell of vacation is to be snapped, and Oxford, during August, is to become again a living University throbbing with concentrated essence of lecture activity; the University of the people, filled by the people, and speaking to the people, or at least to any son or daughter of the people who can find, beg, or borrow so much as a five-pound note.

How does history repeat itself! In the Middle Ages, Oxford was indeed a school of the people. Everyone has heard of the 30,000 students in the twelfth century who were allowed by charter to resort to mendicity to satisfy battels and fees. And, though Research, in the nineteenth century, has assured us there is as much mendacity as mendicity in the tale, even Research, the great solvent, *edax rerum*, admits that in the Ages of Faith the students at Oxford were far more numerous than they have ever been in the Ages of Criticism. And now the new idea of young Oxford is "*to bring the University to the people when the people cannot come to the University.*" (Prospectus for 1890.) An excellent idea in itself! To that idea nearly 20,000 persons have assented within the Oxford Extension movement alone. About as many have entered in the Cambridge Extension movement; and there are other groups, as well as the Home-Reading movement. That is to say, the ancient Universities of the land are recognising it to be their duty to guide the minds of the people, to organise home-reading for the masses, to systematise and furnish them with an ideal of education. The methods are these:—First, an organised body of lecturers who go round the country and teach in local centres; next, to supply those who can only read at home with a methodical scheme of reading; then to bring students together and teachers together, in order to compare methods and state wants and aims; and now, lastly, to give a rapid specimen or type of actual University training, by bringing up sections of these learners to the University itself, in order to make them feel the meaning of a University, to breathe the air of its corporate life, and to see with their eyes and hear with their ears what is the mysterious process which ultimately gives a man a title to write himself Master of Arts.

The idea is a thoroughly right one, and, if the result were to prove a failure, it would be due to the ill-success of the mode of carrying it out, the short-comings of the University system itself, and the fact that the Master of Arts himself has very inadequate views of what education means or ought to mean. Personally, the present writer is not at all disposed to maintain the omniscience of the M.A., but he has no wish now to argue to the contrary. And he does not propose to enter on this difficult and embittered question—*periculosæ plenum opus aleæ*. It is a very complex story, and most persons who care for education have their own view of it. For my part, I think that all University education is being made daily too special and too much a sort of pemmican of pounded fact crammed into pellets and thrust down the learner's throat. And four-fifths of the time and thought which should be given to knowledge are now wasted in that senseless goose-step known as examination. Any Oxford teaching now-a-days is sure to be full of special research in gobbets, and to end in examination of some kind, prizes, scholarships, class-lists, certificates, and the rest of the competition business so dear to the pot-hunting fraternity, whether at Oxford, Cambridge, Lords, or Bisley. The Oxford Summer Meeting has, of course, its measure of this; but it has the complaint in a less acute form. The *Examinator malignus* is less poisonous in August. And the great Don *Cram* has gone off to the Bernese Oberland.

Granting that everything done by any University under the prevailing system shall tend to special research as the means, and mechanical examination as the end (a question not necessary to debate further), it must be admitted that the Third Summer Meeting has been organised with singular completeness and forethought. The "British Ass," in its palmiest days never concocted a more varied and tempting programme. T. Cook and Son, who personally conducted the British army up the Nile, could not better the Programme put out by Mr. W. A. S. Hewins, of Pembroke College, the indefatigable secretary to the Oxford Delegates. Let us add that it can be obtained at the office, 35, Corn Market Street (price 6d.). The Meeting will be divided into two parts, and extends over thirty-three days—from August 1st till September 2nd inclusive. There will be courses of lectures in history, geography, literature, science, economics, art, besides miscellaneous lectures, sermons, debates, and concerts. Nearly one hundred lectures in the various branches are already fixed in the time-table—about four on each working-day, out of which the students can take their choice. The price of the tickets will be 30s. for the thirty-three days, or £1 for either division, with a reduction of 10 per cent. where parties take tickets together. For this sum, which is less than 1s. per day, the student will be admitted to all the lectures, concerts, conversaziones, given during the thirty-three days. The total cost of board, lodging, and all extras, is calculated at £5 for the first thirteen days, or £10 for

the whole period, with a reduction where a party live together. An elaborate table of expenses and list of lodgings accompanies the Programme, which has an excellent tinted map. On these terms Oxford throws open for a brief vacation term the whole of her resources to all comers. The Committee of Delegates comprises three heads of colleges, and some of the most active tutors and professors. In Mr. Hewins they have found a secretary with a real genius for organisation. The present Government, who are in so sorry a muddle, might keep their eye on him. The lecture staff comprises some of the best names in the country:—Mr. Gardiner, Prof. Max Müller, Dr. Murray, Mr. Churton Collins, Mr. Marriott, Professor Geddes. There will be sermons on Sundays in St. Mary's, at Christ Church, and Mansfield College; there will be concerts, organ recitals, and a conversazione in the Museum, excursions in the neighbourhood, visits to the College Halls and Chapels, a debate in the Union, scholarships, and prizes. The Programme adds all information as to the recreations of the place—boating, bathing, tennis, cabs, and post-office. The entire organisation of the Meeting is a masterpiece of forethought. Of course no organisation can supply well-prepared students. Nor can a University career of thirty-three days do more than suggest ideas, and apply a stimulus. But if crowds of men and women fail to see what a University looks like when seen from within, it will be their own fault. And if they fail to carry away some little help to forming their own education, they must blame themselves. The danger is that, like other learned gatherings, the Meeting may degenerate into a big picnic. But it is the earnest desire of the Delegates to make these lectures, not literary displays, but real courses of instruction. The time-table shows every effort to offer systematic teaching, and not lively evenings with some popular talker. Time will show whether much will come of these vacation terms thrown open to the people. It cannot be doubted that young Oxford is quite in earnest in the wish to give to its ancient foundations a more truly national usefulness, without any restriction of class, creed, or academic formulas.

FREDERIC HARRISON.

SCOTCH RAILWAYS.

IN the summer of 1883, when Mr. Foxwell first published his elaborate paper on "Express Trains," the best train between London and Aberdeen took fourteen hours and fifty minutes. At the same date it was possible for first-class passengers to travel from Paris to Marseilles, a journey of 536 miles as against 540, in within two minutes of the same time. In the summer of 1888, when the coming of the Forth Bridge had already begun to cast its shadow before, the time to Aberdeen had fallen to under fourteen hours, while the Paris and Lyons Railway had brought down its record—at least, for passengers who had no objection to paying half as much again as the ordinary first-class fare—to fourteen hours and eighteen minutes. This spring, as all the world knows, the Forth Bridge was opened, and the time between London and Aberdeen is now only ten minutes over the twelve hours, the distance remaining all the time unaltered; for though the distance over the Bridge is only 523 miles, the West Coast trains still run by the old road, and the service by either route is accomplished in the same time. Needless to say, the French company, having no rivalry to fear, has not seen the necessity for any corresponding acceleration. To Perth it is the same story. In 1883 the best time was eleven hours and twenty-five minutes. In 1888 it was ten hours and a quarter. To-day one can cover the distance in a few minutes under the ten hours by either route.

It was the fashion two years back to sneer at what the newspaper correspondents christened the "Race to Edinburgh;" but, for all that, the enthusiastic correspondents, even if they did occasionally talk nonsense about the black smoke which prevented speeds of 100 miles an hour, were right, and the superior persons were wrong. The "Race to Edinburgh" was no mere isolated phenomenon—it was only the most dramatic point of the long struggle for the traffic between London and Scotland that the East Coast has waged against the West Coast now for nearly forty years. A quarter of an hour knocked off here, twenty minutes in retaliation cut off there, these seem trifling matters enough taken singly, but the outcome of it all is that, whereas a few years back a passenger was forced to leave Aberdeen in the early afternoon in order to arrive in London next morning, he can now leave Ballater after an eight o'clock breakfast, and go to bed in London at eleven o'clock the same night. And the Aberdeen services are only a sample of the revolution which has taken place all along the line down to Penzance and the furthest west. Nor is this all. If the time between New York and San Francisco has come down, as it has, from six days to little more than four; if France and Germany and Italy have been roused, as they have, to energy hitherto unheard of, it is primarily to the "Race to Edinburgh"—that is, in other words, to the Forth Bridge—that the impetus was due.

What the ulterior consequences may be, we have yet to see; but with Dundee and St. Andrews and Perth within but little more than an hour's journey of the capital, and with all the thriving little towns of Fife lying henceforward almost at her doors, we may feel certain that the immediate future will see great changes in the commercial geography of Scotland. The opening of the great bridge has been, however, in the first instance, the signal for a discreditable breakdown of the North British Company's organisation. Most people have seen the Waverley Station in Edinburgh, and no one who has seen it at a busy time is ever likely to forget it. Shut in, in a narrow valley, approached by tunnels at either end, its accommodation, both of platform space for passengers and of railway lines for working the trains, has long been hopelessly inadequate. To everyone, except apparently the North British Board, it was evident that the opening of the Forth Bridge would precipitate a crisis. In the best of stations, with the most ample accommodation, it is no light matter to revolutionise in a morning the services that have been the gradual growth of years. But this, on the 1st of June, the North British was forced to do. And, spite of the fact that on that day half Edinburgh habitually flits bag and baggage to the country, spite of the fact too that, owing to the Exhibition, the town was much fuller of strangers than usual, it faced its task with such sublime self-confidence, that a largely increased suburban service was advertised to come into force the same day.

The self-confidence was sublime, but it was not lasting. In North British history the day is not likely to be known in future as the "glorious first of June." At an early hour chaos settled down upon Waverley, and for weeks afterwards the fog scarcely lifted. Trains, when they arrived at all, arrived an hour or two hours late; and however late they might be of arrival, they were later still before they got away again. Bewildered passengers sat for half a day disconsolate amidst their baggage, while officials of the allied lines beyond the Tweed came hurrying north, each in the vain hope that, in the multitude of councillors, his own company, at least, might find safety. Expresses for the south were sent off in bits as each fragment came to hand. But it was all of no use. After a few days the suburban trains which had been put on with a light heart were ignominiously cancelled. Carpenters worked day and night to erect a temporary platform, but June had passed into July, and passengers by the thousand had been scared away to the rival line, before the beginnings of order once more emerged.

It is impossible to imagine that collapse so complete could have been courted had it not been that

the attention of the management was absorbed elsewhere. For indeed, for the last month or two, the centre of Scotch railway interest has been not at Edinburgh and the Forth Bridge, but in the committee-rooms at Westminster. It is all over now, and the Scotch general managers have gone home to reckon up their losses—their losses we say, for practically no one has gained anything in the Parliamentary campaign. The Great North of Scotland sought to invade the district of its great rival, the Highland, by constructing a new line alongside the existing one from Elgin to Inverness. Permission was peremptorily refused by the Commons. The Caledonian had a whole batch of ambitious projects. It promoted a new line along the north of the Clyde to the Vale of Leven and the foot of Loch Lomond; a second underground through the heart of Edinburgh down to Leith; and a third out northward from Glasgow to the Stirlingshire hills. The House of Commons refused consent to the two first, while the Lords without much hesitation gave a quietus to the last. But much more important than all these was the scheme for the amalgamation of the North British with the Glasgow and South-Western, which would have given the control of three out of the four routes to the Border to a single company, and which accordingly was resisted tooth and nail by the Caledonian. The House of Commons Committee listened for a fortnight to the evidence against the Bill, and then declared the preamble proved. The House of Lords listened with equal patience and at equal length to the case for the promoters, and then threw out the Bill without so much as calling upon its opponents. So the net result of the Session is to leave all parties almost exactly as they were before. So far, at least, as the North British and Caledonian fight is concerned, it is just as well. These two companies have enough to do for the present in conducting, and at the same time restraining within the bounds of reason, the competition which has been inaugurated by the opening of the Forth Bridge. Indeed, it is very questionable whether Parliament might not wisely determine to stereotype, for a long while to come, at least in broad outline, the existing relationships between all the great railway companies. But if they are to be modified in any case, in Scotland at all events, let us wait, till the effect of the opening of the Forth Bridge has had time to show itself.

PICTURES FOR THE PEOPLE.

MR. IRVING'S speech in support of the South London Art Gallery last week touched upon a subject of no little interest and importance. Why should not the municipal authorities in our great towns provide art as well as sanitation for the communities they control? This was the question which Mr. Irving suggested, rather than put in any direct form, and it is certainly one which ought to be answered. More and more we are enlarging our views of the duties which communities in their corporate capacity owe to themselves. Twenty years have passed since Parliamentary sanction was at last given to the doctrine that society was bound to provide schools for our children. Year by year the duties of corporations with regard to sanitary matters have become at once wider and more stringent. The provision of pure water, good drainage, and cheap light is now recognised almost everywhere outside London as among the duties which each community in its corporate form owes to itself; whilst even in London the Free Libraries Act is being put in force, and the community is beginning to provide itself with books. And now popular ideas are taking a still wider stretch, and many men besides Mr. Irving are asking if the cultivation of art is any longer to be left outside the work that properly belongs, not to individuals or voluntary associations, but to those corporations which are simply the organised strength and wealth of the communities with which they are connected.

As most of our readers probably know, there are some towns in England—notably Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, and Leeds—where the question put by Mr. Irving has already been answered in the affirmative. Public art galleries, belonging to the town and controlled by the local authorities, are being formed, and one of the greatest reproaches upon English social life is thus being removed. But the work has only begun as yet; and it is clear that popular education on the subject must still be carried much further before any adequate results can be attained. There is no English provincial town which will compare with many Continental cities, in the wealth of its art collections, or in the organised efforts which it has made to educate its people in a sense of the beautiful. Yet what a field of work is that which is thus open to our local governing bodies, if they will but enter boldly upon it! The inhabitant of London has the National Gallery, South Kensington, and many other famous collections open to him; and though he may avail himself of his privileges but rarely, they are within his reach whenever he chooses to enjoy them. Very different is the case of the inhabitants of the manufacturing towns of the North. Here and there, as we have said, the first steps have been taken towards the creation of local art galleries; but in the great majority of cases the inhabitants of these towns are doomed to lead an existence from which the elevating influences of art are necessarily excluded. The works of our great painters are no more than names to them. Millions of them have never seen a picture worthy of the name in their lives; thousands more have only done so on the occasion of some hurried visit to London, or perhaps to some neighbouring country house, the owner of which does not set his face rigidly against the admission of strangers to his rooms.

Do people who live in the West End of London really understand what is the life which their fellow-creatures have to lead in the manufacturing towns of the "Black Country," for example? They may form some conception of it by a visit to Whitechapel or other regions of the East End. Yet not even Whitechapel, with its horrors of poverty, misery, and crime, can quite parallel the dismal monotony of life, not amongst the very poor, but among the labouring classes, in scores of towns on whose industry the wealth and prosperity of England are founded. In a great city like London there is always a certain fulness of life, a rush of action and incident, which prevents anything like positive stagnation even in its most wretched quarters. But to the monotony of daily toil in the manufacturing towns of Lancashire, Yorkshire, and Staffordshire, there is absolutely no relief. The eye of the dweller in these unlovely places is never even gladdened and taught by the sight of a noble building like St. Paul's or Westminster Abbey, or of a splendid thoroughfare like the Thames Embankment. From week's end to week's end, the hideous factory, with its dirt and din, the "long unlovely street" of mean brick cottages—in which the one "bit of colour" is thrown from the windows of the public-house—must suffice for the artisan and his wife and children. Sunday brings him rest, worship perchance, a possibility of a walk through the smoke-begrimed fields within reach of his home—but nothing more. Is it wonderful that the sense of beauty, the very instinct of art with which the poorest in happier climes are born, withers away among such people, until it seems to those who visit them as though they actually preferred the mean and squalid and vulgar to anything better and brighter?

Surely it is time that something should be done to redeem and beautify the lives of these dwellers in the dark places of the land! It is true that these dismal provincial towns of ours are in other respects anything but dark. Many a poor fellow who never heard of Raffaele, and never saw a Turner or even

a Millais in his life, has a soul which is steeped in moral beauty. There is a strength of religious faith, an activity of self-sacrifice, among many of the poor in these manufacturing towns, of which we see little in Belgravia or South Kensington. In their political zeal, in their love of books, in their genuine public spirit, they will compare favourably with any community in the world. But their sense of the beautiful is lost. They cannot love art, because they know nothing of what it is. Public-spirited and intelligent enough to realise the duty of the community of which they form a part with regard to sanitation, education, provision of pure water and of books—for nowhere are the Public Libraries more generally used and valued than in these towns—they cannot yet bring themselves to recognise its duty with regard to art. It is time that the art-missionary went abroad amongst them, and that they were made to realise in what it is that their lives are now so lamentably deficient. Remembering all that has been done to advance and organise corporate life in England within the last thirty years, we do not despair of seeing, before the next century has reached its teens, a practical answer given to Mr. Irving's question in scores of the towns in which art is now unknown. At any rate, we cannot but be thankful to him for having again called our attention to one of the crying wants of our time.

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THIS is "the psychological moment" when cynic and sage agree to shake their heads at the follies of another social campaign. The season is virtually over, though the light still burns on Victoria Tower as a token that Laocoon Smith is yet in the serpentine toils of malignant obstruction. It is time for the moralist to produce the familiar text from the preacher who took up his parable against human vanity "beneath the solemn Syrian cedars." But how stale and flat the sermon is! A great writer of our own generation, whom a small writer describes as "an average clubman, *plus* genius," descanted upon the vanity of vanities with a zeal for which average clubmen are not famous. Even genius does not emerge from a portico in Pall Mall with a natural bias against all the ambitions, intrigues, festivities, which are the atmosphere of the clubman's being. Society quailed sometimes under the pulpit which was set up on Cornhill. The fierce triumphs, the disasters, the heart-burnings, of the social struggle were drawn by a masterhand which spared nobody. But it was, and is still, a vastly entertaining picture; and the grievous hindrance to later moralists is that they have not humour enough to make them sociable. The average clubman, *minus* genius, who has a fancy for moralising over the hollowness of life, should remember the youth in Mr. Oscar Wilde's gruesome story, who, when he thought he had done a good deed, looked at his tell-tale portrait, and saw the line of hypocrisy. "All things that are," said Gratiano in one of his rare moments of reflection, "are with more spirit chased than enjoyed." That is true philosophy; but the chase is so protracted, and the spirit of the huntsman is so keen, that the ordinary moral of *vanitas vanitatum* is of little more practical account than Tolstoi's denunciation in his old age of the elementary instincts of humanity. The season has run its course, and every one who has tried to float uppermost on the glittering tide has a personal calculation of profit and loss which may not always be agreeable. But season will follow season in interminable vista; and to indulge in moral generalities on the emptiness of fashion is about as profitable as it would be for Sir John Lubbock to favour the County Council with a lecture on the taming of wasps.

Well, the season has been well spiced with surprises. Parliament has seen a confident Ministry driven from pillar to post. Leek has been the daily diet of overweening patriots. Mayfair has trembled lest its tender missives should be left undelivered by rebellious postmen. Mary, the cook, has been bewildered by the behaviour of her faithful Robert at Bow Street, and Juliet, the nursery-maid, has seen her red-coated Romeo banished to the Bermudas. Disturbing echoes of an illustrious duke's vocabulary have found their way into billiard-rooms and boudoirs. A lost lion has come back from Africa and wedded Una in Westminster Abbey. Scions of a noble house have flouted each other in the newspapers. The death of a philanthropist has left us with the surprising fact that the bastard son of one of the greatest profligates in Europe, and the grandson of another, devoted a fortune and a lifetime to beneficence, in defiance of the laws of heredity—moral and scientific. The journal of Marie Bashkirtseff has shown that a woman of society can lay bare the most disagreeable recesses of her own vanity and pride with a candour which excites the admiration of a cardinal. Will the Bashkirtseffs of London follow this example, and shall we be favoured with the memoirs of every morbidly feminine personality, so that woman shall cease to be the mystery of creation? A distinguished Nationalist has written a novel, and his opponents, who are always proclaiming the superior intellect of Ulster, cannot prevail upon Mr. William Johnston, of Ballykilbeg, to outshine Mr. O'Brien with an epic poem of the Boyne. Miss Mary Anderson, who was once wedded to her art, has found a more practical husband; and another American actress has captured the hearts of emotional critics who have been writing praises of this "unexpressive she," quite as extravagant as the rhymes which Orlando carved on the young trees in Arden. True, this Rosalind is a very winsome creature; but it is not the least of the season's surprises to be told that all the graces of culture and elocution in the representation of Shakespeare have been imported from America. Who can say after this epitome that the season has been dull? These marvels are still agitating our souls. We cannot call them

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And now society is taking wing to its holiday haunts; and paterfamilias is heard lamenting the costliness of the annual expedition to the sea; and soon the indignant Briton will liberate his soul in the *Times*, like Robinson in Richard Doyle's delightful book, about "the inadequate washing apparatus" at his Continental hotel. The roses, which faded in town when we danced till dawn, will revive in the spray of the Channel, or in the air of Mürren. The stories which bored us at so many dinners will renew their youth at Wiesbaden. Anecdotes, like the gout, are all the better for the German waters. But the plaint of paterfamilias haunts our sympathetic ear. No wonder the poor man detests the seaside. No wonder he casts a malevolent eye on excellent matrons who have seen better days, and who proffer unexceptionable rooms. No wonder he scents fever in the most briny air, and questions the advantage to anybody's health of a few weeks' sojourn in an alien atmosphere. The truth is that this unfortunate citizen is confronted by boredom of the most appalling kind. The monotony of the seaside is responsible for half the morose pessimism of our island. If you are too old for a spade and bucket, and too young for the amiable contemplation of vacancy, and too nervous for the platitudes of the promenade, life by the sea is a torment. You cannot read; and your mind sinks to the level of puzzles, or the exposition of prophecy in the leaflets of the Rev. Mr. Baxter. It is better to stay in town in the sultriest August than to be soured and narrowed by an experience which is the annual bitterness of many a long-suffering Englishman.

the attention of the management was absorbed elsewhere. For indeed, for the last month or two, the centre of Scotch railway interest has been not at Edinburgh and the Forth Bridge, but in the committee-rooms at Westminster. It is all over now, and the Scotch general managers have gone home to reckon up their losses—their losses we say, for practically no one has gained anything in the Parliamentary campaign. The Great North of Scotland sought to invade the district of its great rival, the Highland, by constructing a new line alongside the existing one from Elgin to Inverness. Permission was peremptorily refused by the Commons. The Caledonian had a whole batch of ambitious projects. It promoted a new line along the north of the Clyde to the Vale of Leven and the foot of Loch Lomond; a second underground through the heart of Edinburgh down to Leith; and a third out northward from Glasgow to the Stirlingshire hills. The House of Commons refused consent to the two first, while the Lords without much hesitation gave a quietus to the last. But much more important than all these was the scheme for the amalgamation of the North British with the Glasgow and South-Western, which would have given the control of three out of the four routes to the Border to a single company, and which accordingly was resisted tooth and nail by the Caledonian. The House of Commons Committee listened for a fortnight to the evidence against the Bill, and then declared the preamble proved. The House of Lords listened with equal patience and at equal length to the case for the promoters, and then threw out the Bill without so much as calling upon its opponents. So the net result of the Session is to leave all parties almost exactly as they were before. So far, at least, as the North British and Caledonian fight is concerned, it is just as well. These two companies have enough to do for the present in conducting, and at the same time restraining within the bounds of reason, the competition which has been inaugurated by the opening of the Forth Bridge. Indeed, it is very questionable whether Parliament might not wisely determine to stereotype, for a long while to come, at least in broad outline, the existing relationships between all the great railway companies. But if they are to be modified in any case, in Scotland at all events, let us wait, till the effect of the opening of the Forth Bridge has had time to show itself.

PICTURES FOR THE PEOPLE.

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GEORGE RANGER AS JULIUS CÆSAR.

H.R.H. the Field-Marshal Commanding-in-Chief has for many years enjoyed the reputation of being what the late Mr. Richardson, of the Theatres Royal, Bartholomew and Greenwich Fairs, used to call a "bould speaker." "Never mind grammar an' hactin' an' sich like," the enterprising proprietor of the once famous show would say to a candidate for histrionic employment; "can yer make yer woice 'erd hall hover the Fair?" and on the candidate giving a satisfactory specimen of his lung-power, Richardson would remark, "You're the man for my money, Mister;" and a bargain was struck on the spot. On one occasion, indeed, it is said that this admirer of sonorous language being in a remote part of East Smithfield, and hearing, or fancying that he heard, the voice of a newly-engaged member of his company splitting the ears of the groundlings in the far-distant booth, shouted, as though to his stage-manager, "Hi! let that uncommon bould speaker have ten bob a week hextra!" But that the Duke of Cambridge is the least rapacious of mankind, he might fairly claim a considerable addition to his professional income on the ground of the boldness of his utterances, which are usually as rigorous in matter as they are in manner. It is his bluff, trenchant, downright way of putting things that makes the Duke so invaluable as the chairman at a public dinner, or as a guest at a Civic festival, when he returns thanks "for the Service over which he has the honour to preside—to preside." In the chair at the annual banquet, say, of the Destitute Rat-catchers' Benevolent Association, H.R.H.'s "speech of the evening" has always a genial "Stand and Deliver!" ring about it; and if at the conclusion he does not actually say, "Up, Stewards, and at 'em," his appeal for contributions has the force of a military word of command. Thus, also, when he returns thanks for the army, he never loses a moment in opening fire, and he always stands to his guns. That we should have more soldiers, that they should be better paid, and that Parliament should interfere as little as possible with the administration of the Service, are standing texts with him; but audiences seldom grow tired of listening to him, since they know that the Royal "bould speaker" is thoroughly sincere in every word that he says, and that he has the good of that army which he has so long and capably commanded thoroughly at heart. It is, however, in the administration of a "wigging" that the Duke rhetorically excels.

Once upon a time there were slight symptoms of insubordination at the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich, and the Duke went down and "wigged" the malcontents. He nearly frightened the gentlemen cadets out of their wits; but, after telling them that they deserved to be birched, wound up his "wigging" in most good-humoured style, and was heartily cheered by the gallant lads when he left the parade ground. But *majora canamus*. Perhaps the most serious "wigging" that the Duke has had to administer in the course of a protracted military career was the one with which he favoured the men of the 2nd Battalion of the Grenadier Guards at the Wellington Barracks on Tuesday morning last. It is not pleasant to be sent away with what is popularly known as "a flea in the ear;" but the Duke's parting caress to the naughty, but, it is to be hoped, repentant Tommy Atkinses more closely resembled a series of swinging buffets on both ears, and of the nature known among schoolboys as "stingers." The oddest feature in this latest specimen of H.R.H.'s "bould speaking," was that the Duke momentarily posed—*sans s'en douter*, very likely—as another military commander—Julius Cæsar of Rome, to wit—especially as he is depicted in the pages of one Suetonius Tranquillus. The Duke was so angry with the refractory Tommy Atkinses that he would not call them "Guards;" he addressed them only as "Grenadiers." So like good old Julius! "When the soldiers of the Tenth Legion at Rome," writes Suetonius, "demanded their discharge and rewards for their service with violent threats and no small danger to the city, although the war was then raging in Africa he did not hesitate, contrary to the advice of his friends, to meet the Legion and disband it. But addressing them by the title of 'Quirites,' instead of 'soldiers,' he by this single word so thoroughly brought them round, and changed their determination, that they immediately cried out they were his 'soldiers,' and followed him to Africa, although he had refused their service. *He nevertheless punished the most mutinous among them with the loss of a third of their share in the plunder.*" The Duke must evidently have been re-reading the "Lives of the Twelve Cæsars." *On revient toujours à ses premiers amours.* Let us hope that the Duke may see his way to taking yet more leaves out of Cæsar's book as expounded by the historian. "He neither noticed all their transgressions, nor punished them according to strict rule. But for deserters and mutineers he made the most diligent inquiry, and their punishment was most severe: other delinquencies he would connive at. Sometimes, after a great battle ending in victory, he would grant them a relaxation from all kinds of duty, and leave them to revel at pleasure; being wont to boast 'that his soldiers fought none the worse for being well oiled.'" It will be observed that although the Duke went quite as far as Cæsar in "blowing up" Tommy Atkins, and court-martialling the ringleaders in the recent disturbance at the Wellington Barracks, he still allowed the battalion whom he "wigged" the title of "Grenadiers." Now, had he addressed them literally as "Quirites," he might as well have called them "Quidnuncs" or "Qui tams" or "Cui Bonos," and he probably hesitated to apply to them such contumelious equivalents for "Quirites" as "cads, "*pikins*," "gravel-crushers," or "'Arries." Still, H.R.H. had evidently not forgotten his Suetonius when, on shaking hands with Colonel Eaton, he bade him "be good to the men." Like Cæsar, the Commander-in-Chief holds that Tommy Atkins, when he behaves himself, should be "well oiled." That "be good to the men" was the one touch of nature—of hearty, sterling, kindly good-nature—which made the five hundred Grenadier guardsmen, their officers, and the Commander-in-Chief himself, all kin, notwithstanding the tremendous "wigging" which the Duke had dealt out to them.

G. A. S.

HEBREWS *VERSUS* JEWS.

IF Terence were among our contributors at the present day, he would convey the precise meaning of his most famous line by pointing out that nothing concerning the Liberal party can be out of place in our columns. It may therefore not be amiss to glance at Liberalism in one of its most curious contemporary phases, and to note the influence of the most lively political faith on the most ancient theological religion.

The Jews in our midst are about to elect a Chief Rabbi, and, on the principle that in the public interest you dock a legacy at the moment it descends, the occasion is thought by some appropriate to curtail the minor papacy of some of its terrors or glories. The work naturally falls to the party which contemplates the limitation of bequest with equanimity, the infallibility of spiritual authority with aversion, and hereditary authority with suspicion. The problem with which they have to make their principles square at the present moment is to devise a holy office with a maximum of spiritual and a minimum of mundane power—the Chief Rabbi is to reign, but not to govern. But the successors of Gallio are abroad in the land, with a slightly changed formula. They care for none of these things (vulgarly called reforms)—*i.e.*, they object to them strongly. Now, Gallio was a Tory.

The intellectual—and possibly the practical—key

to the situation is to be found in the small Jewish body known as the "Reformed" Synagogue, which is the Medina of the Jewish liberals, and may be their Mecca. The movement of 1847, which brought it to the birth, whatever its proximate causes may have been, will always be to Judaism in this country, what the French Revolution was to the peoples of Europe—"epoch-making" and "a new departure." It was a revolt against Rabbinism, which, as a system of religion, it identified with sacerdotalism and ceremonialism. The essential "points" of the new charter were:—(1) Observance of the great festivals in point of duration according to Biblical usage; (2) the use of music in the ritual; (3) the employment of English as well as of Hebrew in the synagogue.

To the student of society the most significant fact about the whole thing was that the actors were an upper class—all educated and all wealthy. This time it was the *patres* and not the *plebs* who seceded. Possibly this may account for the circumstance that when they were promptly excommunicated by the Chief Rabbi of the day, not only were they not a penny the worse, but they have thriven out of all proportion with everything but the bitterness of the curse. They bequeathed to the "orthodox" body they left, their example, and the legacy has now accumulated substantial interest in the liberal party within the gates. This party has succeeded in procuring the summoning of a representative conference (which met for the first time last Thursday) on the future of the Rabbinate, and their opponents suspect them of a desire to promote their views by means of that body. Now, there is no people which recognises the great truth that man liveth not by bread alone more than the Jews, and the purveyance of meat proper (according to Rabbinic laws) to be eaten by Israelites is one of the most solemn and welcome cares of all their communities.

The case against the liberals has been forcibly put by the remark that they wish to place the regulation of the supply of canonical meat in the hands of those who constantly, commonly, normally, and habitually eat uncanonical meat! There may be grounds for these forebodings, but it is certain that not even a "reformer," let alone an "orthodox" liberal, wishes to force the loathed viands of Gentile butchers down his "hardshell" brother's throat, and perhaps it may be delicately suggested that statistics, which can prove anything, might easily show that the great bulk of the said brother's trusted leaders themselves are not altogether monomaniacs in the observance of the ritual, dietary, or ceremonial laws.

Assuming that the points on which liberals will show fight are the same as those of the reformers before them—viz., no more artificially bloated holydays; music; and the vernacular in the prayer-book—it is significant that their ideal should take us back at one bound to the Temple of Solomon, who was the first Hebrew Liberal, as Jeroboam I. was the first Hebrew Radical. Nor are these the only coincidences in which they recall the days of King Solomon. All unconsciously, but surely, they are preparing the way for the mighty question of intermarriage—the most colossal with which the Jews can be confronted. (Here, too, the leading houses of the "orthodox" folk have led the way; are not the facts written in the columns of the *Morning Post*?) Even now the Jews are perfectly tolerant of any *speculative* opinion; and that their communal institutions are not founded on a religious basis may be inferred from the fact that Mr. Bradlaugh was recently a guest of one of the most considerable of them; and the culture and secular education of the liberal party—an additional point of contact, by the way, with the reformers—with its inevitable rationalism, is another bond of sympathy with the reputed author of Ecclesiastes.

The truth is, that at the present moment they are taking an essentially Hebrew standpoint, and instinctively looking to the golden age of the Hebrews. It would be in keeping if they proposed to call the new spiritual head "High Priest" instead of "Chief Rabbi." Their opponents are the Jews. It has been said that "those who will not look backward to their ancestors, will not look forward to their posterity," and the remark is borne out by the fact that the Jews arrest their retrospect half-way; their hopes and ideas are mediæval, modern, and *bourgeois*; they have no organic conception of social, or even Messianic, regeneration. In their pulpits no preacher dare quote the New Testament, nor—shade of Spinoza!—is it studied in their theological college. It is from their nondescript system, with its burdens, superstitions, excrescences, and absurdities, that the new spirit has been moving for half a century towards the pristine principle of monotheism and morals. A real revival is taking place. Men are daring, though they are Jews by birth, to be Hebrews by religion.

Yet it may be doubted whether they will effect much here and now. The Conference is presided over by a Dissentient peer—a law of whose nature it seems to be to promote paper unions; and the analogies of other reformations are not encouraging. The history of this country affords a curiously close parallel. "The aim of [Thomas] Cromwell," says J. R. Green, "was simply that of the New Learning; he desired religious reform rather than revolution, simplification rather than a change of doctrine, the purification of worship rather than the introduction of a new ritual." "But," in the sequel, "as Cromwell had foreseen, the time for a peaceful reform and for a general reunion of Christendom was past. The Council so passionately desired met at Trent in no spirit of conciliation, but to ratify the very superstitions and errors against which the New Learning had protested." *Absit omen!* Whatever happens, the Hebrew liberals will have done their duty to their religious and political faith—they will have offered their first-fruits of intellect and energy at the common shrine. The law of progress fulfils itself in many ways.

A RAMBLER IN LONDON.

XIII.—A Sunless Dawn.

SATURDAY NIGHT is a busy night; but nearly every one had done with their work or their play, and had gone to bed, as I came up Church Street, towards the Embankment, at two o'clock on the Sunday morning. Overhead was a sky of leaden grey, without a star to be seen; a few spots of rain fell at intervals. The street was almost silent; the sharp click of a footstep on the pavement seemed an outrage on the stillness, and one tried to walk more quietly. At a distant corner two policemen had met and had stopped for a chat; one could hear their gruff voices with grotesque distinctness. A little further on a woman, old and painted, belated and hopeless, had sunk down to rest on a doorstep. The lamp-light fell full upon her face. She had pushed her bonnet a little back over her untidy yellow hair; her head rested on one hand. She sat mute and motionless in her rags and finery, her bleared eyes wide open, with no expression on her coarse features. In most of the houses the lights were all out; but now and then one saw the cheerful glare, and marked, perhaps, a shadow cross the blind. What kept them up so late? There, possibly, some joyless dissipation, and there some entrancing story; or there, behind the small upper window, someone may have been watching by a bedside, longing for the dawn. In the church tower at the street corner the lighted clock showed that it was not long to wait now before the hour at which the night and morning had agreed to meet.

I came out into Cheyne Walk, the abode of genius, and crossed the deserted road, and watched the river. It was too dark to see it moving immediately

below me, and one could only hear the swirl of the water against the piles of the bridges, or the gentler lapping where it licked the stretches of mud and shingle, left bare at the low tide; but a little further away, in the broken bars of crimson or yellow light reflected from the lamps on pier, or bridge, or barge, one could see ripple chase ripple in endless haste, coming out of the darkness into the bar of light, only to vanish in darkness again. In that grim brick building on the further side the rows of windows were all lighted up; there, at least, rest had not yet begun. I heard a step behind me, and looked round. It was only a midnight loafer, who came slouching slowly towards me out of the darkness. He rubbed his eyes with one hand, as if he had been asleep. His face was lean, dirty, and unshaven, with an ugly scar on one cheek. He held a short clay pipe, bowl downward, in his mouth; but it was empty, and the man looked like one bereft of all comfort. He stopped for a second or two, to survey me carefully; and he was displeased with me. He grunted disapproval, and slouched away into the darkness again, while I turned eastward, along Chelsea Reach. On the opposite shore the trees in Battersea Park seemed a long low line of darkness, merging indistinctly into the paler darkness beyond. Chelsea Bridge in the distance looked a maze of lights and shadows flung across the river. A late hansom flashed past me on the road; and as the rattle of wheels died away, I heard suddenly a sound like a woman sobbing. It was, of course, only a cat—a stray, wicked, London cat. Cats in the daytime are nothing but cats, but at night a strain of morbid humanity seems to come out in them, and at times they catch the exact tones of the human voice.

The road now was quite deserted; but do no ghosts walk here? For suddenly I thought how, not very many years ago, one who well knew the small hours might often have walked up and down this pavement at some such time—one whose eye would have missed no beautiful detail in the scene, whose wearied mind would have drunk "like some sharp strengthening wine . . . . the stillness and the broken lights." Others, too, there might be, and one who—so the fancy takes me—would ever walk alone, a fierce, ardent, rugged philosopher, still but partly understood by the best of us, and still dismissed by the dunces with scorn and borrowed epigrams.

Already it was growing lighter. The trees in Battersea Park were more distinct, and now I could dimly see the line of shore beneath them and the black barges waiting there. With a quick business-like step a young man hurried past me, with a long pole in his hands, putting out the Embankment lights. The grey of the sky grew paler and pinker, and those dark smudges on it would soon be seen to be clouds, blown quickly along by the cold morning wind. As I passed on to the Chelsea Bridge, I noticed the strange groups of people on the seats between the trees. Most of them looked as if they were used to it, and were snoring peacefully; but one or two were amateurs apparently, and had not caught the trick of it yet. These were not asleep, although they looked tired enough as they sat there, gazing blankly towards the river.

I stood on Chelsea Bridge. At the further end a little group had gathered round a brightly-lighted coffee-stall, and were talking together in subdued voices. Far away in the east it came creeping up the sky, the grey dawn. There was to be no gorgeous display of brightness and colour; all was cold and cheerless. In the Park a thrush had woken up, and sang alone. Then the other birds joined it, thrush and linnet together, singing joyously. It was cold and cheerless enough, but it was morning—the morning of a day for rest; and this was their hymn of praise. As I stood there, listening to the birds, some women reeled out from one of the side streets on to the Embankment. They were shrieking abuse at one another, swearing at the top of their ugly voices. On the one side of the river the birds had woken up on Sunday morning; on the other side were these terrible women staggering away from a Saturday-night debauch. I hope the birds could not hear them.

I waited till the last bad word had died away in the distance, and then I turned homewards. It was quite light now. One could see the blue lobelias in the Embankment garden; and the few lamps which were still alight on the river looked pale and faint. A few men hurried past to their work on the line. The policemen looked sleepy, and were not nearly so interested in me as they had appeared to be an hour or two before; but a small black cat followed me down the street for some way, keeping twenty or thirty yards behind me. He thought, possibly, that I was going round with the milk, and that there might be chances for a cat of some spirit and enterprise. He was a young, sanguine, ignorant cat, and when he discovered at last that I had no milk-cans with me he got very unhappy. He went off and sat in the middle of the road by himself, and pitied himself, and mewed wearily. When I saw him last he was still sitting there, and still complaining, as I fancied, of the generally unsatisfactory nature of everything.

TO LADY NOVELISTS.

I.—A Plea for Shorter Heroes.

I HAVE been warned against presuming to address you on certain subjects that lie near my heart. It has even been said that you will turn Ouida loose on me. But I am not afraid, for I ardently admire your works (in short, I am a reviewer), and if I now make so bold as to offer you a few suggestions, it is only because I love you. At the same time I admit that I am now in hiding.

In the heat of original writing you have not perhaps noticed it, but heroes are longer this year than ever. Of the 192 of whom I have had my word to say since October of last year, 27 were merely tall, and 11 were only slightly above the middle height. No less than 85 stood exactly six feet in their stocking soles, and the remainder were considerably over the two yards. I take the average to be six feet three, which is three-quarters of an inch longer than for the preceding nine months. May I ask when is this to stop? Clearly if it goes on heroes will soon become quite unmanageable.

You have given us—such is your splendid industry—every hero, from the gloriously proportioned to the magnificently ugly, until now I almost think that you tend to repeat yourselves. Yet while the Americans are proving that, so far as they know, all the stories have been told, there is knocking at your door an applicant for hero-worship who is ready to introduce you into a new world—the world of little heroes. Why have you never tried a short hero? It has been an established fact since the time of William Rufus that short men have souls, are open to impression from the other sex, smoke cigars, succeed to titles, and even marry, much after the manner of longer men. Why do you insist on treating them as ineligibles? That short men figure in your novels I of course know, but they are only there that the hero may look over their heads. Fourteen of your novels this year begin with two young men in a boat, 17 with two young men advancing up a road on which the shadows of evening are falling, 9 with two young men in a smoking-room, blowing great clouds into the scented air. One of the two is the hero, and we know which one as soon as you have measured them. "The shorter of the two," you begin, and at once the shorter of the two shoots down the horizon. You have written his epitaph: "Much respected, but not long enough." He may fall in love with the girl who happens to be looking over the garden gate; but she is not for him. It is

permitted him to be a good son and well-intentioned, but he has to love in vain. He is usually too short ever to tell his love, and if, forgetting his plight, he does tell it, she only arranges to be his sister, for there is a longer man on the balcony waiting to gather her up. The short man may have wealth, in which case he will die and leave it to the lady. Now and then she calls her first-born after him. That is the most you seem able to do for the short man.

You are even reluctant to make a forcible villain of him. How often is the heroine's lover, who already has a wife in Canada, under six feet? How many of your short men are allowed a discreditable secret? Can they even scowl awfully at five feet six, or rock themselves in an agony at less than five feet ten? Have they noble beards or golden curls? No, they are too short.

I know what you will reply: that for the work a hero has to do a long man is necessary. You are referring to the bull, the mill-pond, the runaway carriage-horses, the fire, and the chalk-pit. I don't ask you to do without these, for you must have bricks with which to build your houses, but I see no reason why you should not try a shorter man. Short men are as quick on their legs as long ones, so that a short man could easily reach the bull in time to draw its attention from the lady to himself. The mere fact of his waterproof being of smaller size than the long man's would not prevent his flinging it round the bull's head. Then there is the mill-pond into which she has fallen while gathering wild flowers. Why should it always be the longest spectator who dives after her? A short man could fling off his coat as smartly and seize her as she is drifting toward the cruel mill-wheel. Short men can swim. I allow that the carriage-horses are not easily stopped as they come tearing along the road by the cliffs, bearing the terrified lady to what seems certain destruction. Yet a stout young hero, though short, could fling himself at runaway horses' heads with a force that might make them give it up. As for the stately mansion on fire, and the heroine still sleeping soundly on the third floor of the west tower, a short man could run up the ivy at least as quickly as a long one, whose legs (however dark you may keep this) would really be in the way. Lastly, if the short man has a gallant horse, there is no reason why he should not overtake the lady's palfrey just as it is about to leap blindly into the chalk-pit.

You smile at me as an outsider, who has forgotten the hero's most important qualification. I have not forgotten it, nor shall I attempt to make light of it. I am aware that when he has vanquished the bull, the horses, the mill-wheel, and the tongues of flame, he has only cleared the decks for action. He must next convey her to a place of safety. I cannot pretend that the short man is now on terms of equality with the long man, though doubtless practice would do something for him. There must be a knack of carrying her to a place of safety which a short man could acquire as well as another. Granting, however, that long arms are an advantage (unless you always carry a belt), it has never been proved that a short man could not convey her to a place of safety somehow. He could not strike the onlookers as carrying her lightly as a child; they would even see him stagger now and again, and perhaps hear him groan. But he would do it. The lady, being unconscious, would not know that she nearly broke him, and she need never know it.

But, you say, she would know wherein he was wanting when he asked her the question that has been asked hundreds of thousands of times, yet is ever new. As he gathered her up in his arms and showered hot kisses on her lips, her brow, her nose, her neck, he might soon be gasping, and if she was an observant creature she would notice it. But rightly considered, would not all this prove him a truer hero than him who can gather her up as easily as he lights a havanna manilla? It is a poor heroism that lifts her like a wisp of straw, compared to the heroism that raises her to its breast at the cost of strained arms and bloodshot eyes and muscles standing out like knotted cords.

Who will bell the cat? Who has the courage to advertise a hero five feet six in his boots? There are difficulties in the way. The ladies of Mudie's will scarcely believe that the short man is the hero, though they are told so. They have been fed on long men, until they believe in them as schoolboys that Daring Dick the Rover, if swallowed by a tiger, will presently emerge safe and hale by the way he went in. But with determination on your part you will in time educate the boarding-schools into believing that inches are not everything. Make your short man *blasé*, give him curls and a secret, add something strangely romantic to his bearing, and your productions will not only be novels but novel.

With justification you may want to know why I appeal to you instead of to the many male novelists whose heroes are also long. It is because you are so much the more widely read that in heroes you set the fashion. I know several male novelists, not very long themselves, who have thirsted for years to shorten their heroes, but dare not unless you give way. They tell me that my appeal will be in vain, and that heroes will lengthen season by season as your sex obtains its rights. When the news of Miss Fawcett's success at Cambridge reached one of them, he said to me, with a sigh, "This will add half an inch to next year's heroes." But I have faith in you. You will listen to my entreaties, will you not?

SPORTSMEN AND SPORTING MEN.

AT Henley Regatta, the other day, Mr. Psotta, the American amateur, and Mr. Kennedy started to row a heat for the Diamond Sculls. Not many strokes had been taken before Mr. Kennedy upset. Thereupon Mr. Psotta easied, and allowed the race to be rowed afresh. Mr. Kennedy won.

This was thoroughly sportsmanlike in the American, who, indeed, carried a good name before. Only last year, in a struggle for the same trophy, he generously stopped rowing and gave time to an adversary who, by bad steering, had fallen foul of one of the posts that mark out the course. But on that occasion Mr. Psotta held the race in hand; this year his generosity cost him a defeat. The matter that we would draw attention to is the muddle-headed action of certain gentlemen who have since drawn up a testimonial extravagantly complimenting Mr. Psotta on his conduct.

Now it might be argued that this conduct was simply foolish; for upsetting and running into posts come about through bad steering and bad watermanship, and these are half the battle in rowing. A sculler, it might be contended with equal logic, should easy if his adversary feathers under water, or "slices out," or "cocks his feather," or "screws," or commits any one of the fifty faults which retard the swiftness of a racing-skiff between two given points. And nobody deserves a testimonial for mere foolishness, or (as Aristotle says) we might go on to infinity and desire would fail. But if, as we would rather hold, Mr. Psotta obeyed the instincts of a sportsman in easying when Mr. Kennedy upset, we can only consider the "testimonial" the more absurd and mischievous; for if sportsmanlike conduct be so rare that every manifestation of it deserves a testimonial, then the sooner gentlemen cease to row at Henley the better.

As a matter of fact, amateur rowing is the cleanest of all our sports. But the testimonial—the idea of which surely must have originated among people entirely unacquainted with rowing traditions (and such people are occasionally found at Henley)—simply betrays the natural and increasing inability of the public to conceive of cleanliness in connection with any branch of "sport." The notion of two or more men honestly contending in any trial of skill for the sake of the contest and the skill alone

L. of C.

has become altogether unfamiliar. "S'help me!" said a navvy, the other day, of a friend—a victorious "three-miler"—"S'help me! look at Jim! why, he's lookin' as pleased as his backers!" And the attitude of this navvy is precisely that of the general public.

For the unpalatable truth is this, that we are quickly growing the most unsportsmanlike race in the world. It is really significant that Mr. Psotta is an American. We don't box: we put on dress-clothes, and go to the "Pelican," and hire other men (a negro, if we want a "game" man) to box for us. We don't play cricket: we learn the "averages" of other men, and pay our subscriptions or sixpences at Lord's to see them perform. We don't play football: we put down the gate-money, and Aston Villa or the Blackburn Rovers play for us; and these clubs (be it observed) won't perform except for our gate-money. Why, even the University clubs, which used to be composed of amateurs, now begin to charge their shilling.

As for the turf—well, we invite any one who would gauge the degradation of the turf to conceive what would happen in a match between two horses if a jockey pulled up because his opponent had slipped and gone down at a corner. Just conceive the chances of a testimonial to that jockey! Why, he would be hustled off to the nearest pond and ducked, if not lynched on the way. Or conceive an owner insisting on running the match over again. And yet he would be doing precisely what Mr. Psotta did at Henley.

In short, the English sportsman of to-day is the sort of creature that sat in the Roman amphitheatre and laid bets while men of pluck fought each other. He puts his money on somebody or other, while he himself shuns anything more virile than lawn-tennis. And the mischief is that he emasculates even the men he backs. It has long been impossible to trust professional riding, or rowing, or wrestling, or boxing.

And in the matter of amateur rowing, what a high opinion must be held of it when we begin to give testimonials for ordinary fair-play! It is commonly said of the Oxford and Cambridge Boat-race that on it alone can a man risk his sovereign or so with the assurance that "he will have a genuine race for his money." But why "for his money" at all, if we are a nation of "sportsmen" rather than of "sporting men"? And can we be so sure even of fair-play in the Boat-race?

Yes; decidedly we may be sure that the actual race will be rowed on the merits of the two crews. But—and it may be well for the backers to lay this to heart—betting on the Boat-race is largely dependent on the "time" in which the two crews have rowed the course in practice. Now there is nothing to prevent a coxswain betting on the result, and (as any one who has steered a racing eight can tell) a trifling, a quite imperceptible, manipulation of the rudder-lines, the mere trick of using them now and then *during* the stroke instead of *between* the strokes—will have a considerable influence on the time of a "course," and consequently on the betting. We merely indicate this danger; we don't say that this trick has ever been resorted to; and we do sincerely believe that the Inter-University Boat-race has always been rowed honestly. But when testimonials are given to a gentleman for rowing-like a gentleman, we begin to wonder what the public expect.

THE WEEK.

A YEAR or two ago MR. GEORGE MEREDITH was said to have nearly completed a novel entitled "The Journalist." Since then nothing has been heard of this work. MR. MEREDITH writes in absolute seclusion, and even when he is meditating upon journalism, he never dreams of imparting himself to an interviewer. His method of composition is laborious, and it is no unusual thing for him to pass a morning in destroying the work of the day before.

HOWEVER, we are able to give MR. MEREDITH'S admirers the joyful news that his new story is finished, and in the hands of his publishers. It is expected to appear first in serial form both in England and America, and as the title is "One of the Conquerors," it may be a different work from "The Journalist," unless that personage is the conqueror. There is an anecdote somewhere of a dinner at Greenwich, which waited an unconscionable time for THACKERAY. The guests growled, and the host marvelled; but at last the great man arrived in the most boisterous spirits. He was in his working coat, and he danced, and favoured the company with other surprising manifestations of joy. At last he cried, "I have just sent the last sheet of 'The Virginians' to the printers," and then everybody rejoiced with him. MR. MEREDITH has gone to Scotland, and perhaps he is exulting amongst his friends there over the completion of his task.

THERE is no fear of MR. MEREDITH'S manuscript ever sharing the fate of MISS HELEN MATHERS'S first volume, which will have to be written over again, unless the stubborn cabman who found it in his vehicle consents to give up to mankind what was not meant for him. To prevent accidents, MR. MEREDITH'S daughter makes a fair copy of everything he writes.

MR. PINERO has written the play which will succeed *A Pair of Spectacles* at the Garrick. The title is not fixed, and the plot is jealously guarded. But we understand that the principal scene is laid in a church. Scenes in church are not common on the stage, and it is said that more than one dramatist has been deterred from the task of making a play out of that powerful story "The Silence of Dean Maitland," solely because the Dean's confession is made in the pulpit.

THE business of the acting-manager is not incompatible with the literary faculty. MR. BRAM STOKER has written for *The People* what promises to be a very spirited piece of Irish romance. "The Snake's Pass" is advertised by a poster representing a gigantic yellow reptile, which is an agreeable addition to the Academy of the hoardings. Moreover, we hear that MR. C. G. COMPTON, the acting-manager of the Garrick, has a novel in the press.

MR. THOMAS HARDY'S numerous admirers will not recognise his handiwork in the address which MISS ADA REHAN recited at the Lyceum on Wednesday afternoon. The occasion was a performance for the benefit of a most deserving charity—MRS. JEUNE'S holiday fund for poor children. With the best intentions, MR. HARDY entirely failed to strike the true note. Instead of pathetic simplicity, we find such laboured prose as "the incipient lines of lank flaccidity." There is a touch of irony in the reflection that MR. CLEMENT SCOTT would probably have succeeded where MR. HARDY has failed.

To appear fifty-two times in a year is, no doubt, a legitimate reason why a paper should feel proud of itself, especially if it be a weekly. To the *Quarterly Review*, however, this appears so extravagant a manifestation of energy that it sees no hyperbole in terming THE SPEAKER a daily paper! What will happen when DR. SMITH comes across a copy of the *New York Herald* may be left to the imagination.

THE *Quarterly Review* this month contains an article on Penny Fiction; and the writer, after quoting some words of ours on the late J. F. SMITH, the author of "Minnigrey," goes on to observe that MR. SMITH "founded a school of romancers which is with us to this day. MR. PIERCE EGAN, the younger, whose name suggests memories of the Tom and Jerry era, was the most successful among them; but he was nearly, if not quite, equalled by a certain MRS. E. D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH—whose name will not be found in MR. MUDIE'S lists—MISS BRADDON, MR. CHARLES READE, and MRS. HENRY WOOD, whose romances, however, scarcely hit the popular taste."

NOW "Spring-heeled Jack, or the Terror of London," "Sweeny Todd, the Demon Barber of Fleet Street," "Turnpike Dick," and "Cheeky Charlie, or What a Boy can Do," may, or may not, be dear at a penny. But it is quite indisputable that a piece of criticism such as the above is dear at six shillings. CHARLES READE—the artist, the giant, the rival of DUMAS, the author of "The Cloister and the Hearth"—wedged in between MISS BRADDON and MRS. HENRY WOOD as one of the less successful successors of J. F. SMITH!

IT is not too hard to say that the mere appearance of such a sentence in such a Review as the *Quarterly* is an insult to our intelligence as a nation. Another writer in the same Review is loud in his lamentations over French *decadence;* but it is a fact that no single French paper, be it even of tenth-rate importance, would publish such criticism as this. Nor can the most virulent enemy of modern French literature, the gloomiest prophet of its future, imagine the publication of such a sentence in the French language for fifty years to come.

IN the new number of the *Dublin Review*, the REV. J. S. VAUGHAN engages in a curious speculation in an article called "The Final Destiny of the Earth." Having stated the exact tonnage of the earth in figures, which we have not space to quote, MR. VAUGHAN proceeds to suggest that when everyone who has ever lived resumes a human body on the day of Resurrection, this gigantic claim on the resources of the earth will totally absorb it, and the terrestrial ball will be transformed into myriads of glorified beings "revolving for all eternity around the Divine Sun of eternal justice in Heaven." The charm of this theory to MR. VAUGHAN is that it combines science with revelation, though he does not reckon with the contingency that after the lapse of many thousand millions of years the souls of the human race may demand more physical tissue than the earth is able to supply.

NO more interesting reading has come into our hands of late than a catalogue of autograph letters offered for sale by NEWCOME & CO. of Manchester. For 40 guineas, for instance, you may have the three letters written by DISRAELI when O'CONNELL refused to fight after calling him a lineal descendant of the impenitent thief. They are addressed to young MORGAN O'CONNELL. The white heat of the writer's temper may be guessed from such a sentence as this:—"I shall take every opportunity of holding your father's name up to public contempt, and I fervently pray that you or someone of his blood may attempt to avenge the unextinguishable hatred with which I shall pursue his existence."

HERE also is a letter from SIR ROWLAND HILL to TOM HOOD, asking, "Can you do anything for Penny Postage in your Magazine?" Another from LEIGH HUNT to ROBERTSON, editor of the *London and Westminster Review*, "availing myself of the kindness with which you contemplated my again wishing to draw upon the *Review* in advance;" another in which CHARLES READE describes himself as "one of the most rising dramatists of the day;" and another from RUSKIN to somebody who wished to borrow money from him to start a journal. It must be quoted at length:—

"My dear Sir,—Nothing can be begun well on borrowed money. And I am the last person to promote any manner of Journalism. But if any one of you will buy a hand press, & the rest of you will cut out the true news of any good thing done anywhere, out of other newspapers, and set up type and pull them with your own arms on good paper, & pay a newsboy to call—if it be but fifty copies, once a month—'True news of Good,' & you can sell your fifty copies for a penny each, & put the odd 2d. of the four and 2d. aside for future capital, you may get on & be of use. Or if you will hold your tongue & work till you have some money, & then set workmen to print as aforesaid. But don't borrow, nor hope for gain, or you are lost like the rest."

ALSO there is a noticeable sentence in a letter from JOHN BRIGHT to ERNEST JONES, the Chartist, dated October 4, 1867:—

". . . The Fenian business is bad, unfortunate. It is a proof of the terrible results of our misgovernment of Ireland. I think the time is nearly come when the system will break down, but the prejudices and ignorance of the English ruling classes are hard to overcome."

The price of this is 20s. But for 5s. you may have "FREEMAN (E. A.), historian, an interesting letter to his publisher respecting the publication of his lectures, his publisher having apparently deprecated their publication," and for 10s. 6d. a letter from G. P. R. JAMES, also to a publisher, declaring "I will never undervalue what I believe to be a good work by accepting a despicable price for it"—a very sound attitude.

WHERE shall the British Luxembourg stand? MR. AGNEW, in a letter to the *Times* last Tuesday, offers a sum of "not less than £10,000" towards the building of a suitable gallery for works of British artists, provided a site can be secured at Kensington Palace Gardens. MR. HARRY QUILTER, who the week before last offered £2,000 for the same purpose, wants a more central site. The site at Kensington Gardens is, as the *Times* says, "independent, capable of extension, open, comparatively free from smoke." And we have already granted the principle that these collections are not for the masses. "Fresh air," says MR. AGNEW, "is as necessary to the life of a picture as it is to the life of a human being;" and MR. AGNEW ought to know. Really it will be a physical gain to lovers of art in the East End that the new gallery should stand at the extreme West, for they will be forced to take a nice long journey, and travel out into the fresh air which is so good for pictures and people.

THE Philistine dies hard. If anyone doubts this, let him turn to the remarks of the Philistine Press on the Peace Congress which has just come to an end. The desirability of universal peace is an idea; and all ideas are hateful. It is one of the greatest ideas to which men have ever been invited to subscribe, and, therefore, it is peculiarly hateful. Nobody denies its truth or its beauty; but it happens to be too great to bring immediate profit to the small papers, who prefer LADY DUNLO.

NEVERTHELESS it can hardly be denied that the sneers of the newspapers will do some good if they insure a little less after-dinner oratory and a little more organised work among the advocates of universal peace. It cannot augur well for a movement that its prophets should be chiefly remarkable as the best after-dinner speakers in the world.

LORD ROSEBERY indulged in a daring illustration in his happy little speech at the opening of the new Battersea Bridge. He said that Chelsea was

associated with CARLYLE, and Battersea with BOLINGBROKE, and hoped that "the union of sound sagacity with brilliant statesmanship so typified" might "long be characteristic of this important metropolitan improvement." But what would the shade of CARLYLE have to say to the shade of BOLINGBROKE if they met on the bridge in the dead of the night? We fancy that the sage would favour the statesman with a very explosive piece of his mind. He might even tell that shifty genius with perfect truth that he was a simulacrum.

THERE is one thing lacking to MR. W. H. SMITH. He is not connected in the popular imagination with any flower. Of course, there is the primrose, but any Tory can wear that. MR. SMITH needs a typical emblem, and we have found it. In the Isthmus of Tehuantepec grows a flower which has the peculiar faculty of changing its colour during the day. It is red, white, and blue by turns. As it is always blue at night, it would suit MR. SMITH'S Parliamentary complexion admirably.

IT is suggested that the brains of JAMES II., which repose in a leaden casket under the floor of the Collège des Écossais in Paris, should be removed to Westminster Abbey. There could be no political objection to this proceeding, and the ceremony might gratify jaded Londoners with a sensation in the shape of a Jacobite procession. Perhaps some friend of law and order will ask MR. MATTHEWS whether Scotland Yard would be prepared, in case of emergency, to cope with a demonstration in favour of the House of Stuart.

THE SERJEANT-AT-ARMS is said to have declined to allow the experiments with M. GIFFARD'S "ejector" to be made within the precincts of the House of Commons. MR. STANHOPE then proposed that the trial should take place at the War Office, where there was no little amusement over the choice of the Blue Books which served as targets. By the way, the Report of the Parnell Commission might be utilised for operations of this kind, unless it be argued that it has been sufficiently perforated already.

THE life of SIR RICHARD WALLACE, which closed at Paris last Sunday, is fortunately hard to reconcile with any theory of heredity. More mystery hangs over his birth than over his descent. But his grandfather (as men suppose), the notorious MARQUIS OF HERTFORD, was content to hand down his art-treasures, without transmitting his "foibles." These foibles have since become national property, and are preserved for us in "Vanity Fair." And it seems that a like destiny may await "LORD STEYNE'S" pictures, preserved at present in Hertford House. For SIR RICHARD WALLACE leaves no child, and people have, for these years past, been whispering that his treasures would some day be divided between England and France. If they happen to be right, the gift will be of a magnitude without rival in modern times.

EDINBURGH more than holds its own this summer in arresting the stream of tourists. With the Forth Bridge and the Electrical Exhibition beside it the scientific contingent find enough for them. But historic picturesqueness still carries the day, and it is to have some additions. Six years ago LORD NAPIER AND ETTRICK, penetrating into a dusky part of the Castle, found himself in "a maze of mighty beams, on which the dust of centuries lay thick and soft." It turned out to be the roofing of the old banqueting-hall, where CHARLES I. feasted in his day (and in one course OLIVER CROMWELL), and where, long before, the black bull's head was carried in to the doomed EARL OF DOUGLAS. Since then one Edinburgh man—a NELSON—has left thirty thousand pounds for restorations, and in a short time the great old hall will be thrown open.

JUST below it the ugliest church in Edinburgh, with the biggest congregation, is to be replaced by a beautiful modern edifice. But the "Kirk Session" have extended their proposed foundations over the spot where a hundred thousand of the Edinburgh poor are buried, many of them within the last twenty years; and the Scotch are exceedingly sensitive on this point. "Good-bye, JANET," said an old Crofter who had been evicted in Sutherland, as his wife's coffin sank in the Dornoch Churchyard, "Good-bye: the COUNTESS OF SUTHERLAND cannot flit you any more." But, adds the clerical chronicler who tells the story, *she did it after all;* and he goes on to denounce a recent disturbance of the dead in repairing Dornoch Cathedral with more vindictiveness than even the wholesale eviction of the living. The Edinburgh eviction of the dead would be wholesale, for it extends over two thousand square yards; but the guardians of the graveyard have given their consent, and the case is likely to be keenly contested in the courts.

MR. EUGENE SCHUYLER, who died in Venice a few days ago, was one of the most thoroughly trained and competent diplomatists of the United States—a country which has hitherto tended to neglect diplomatic training. He was also a careful and industrious writer, whose Life of PETER THE GREAT, as well as his earlier book on Turkistan, had gained for him a well-deserved reputation. His long-delayed promotion—delayed in consequence of some strictures he had made on the parsimony of Congress in diplomatic affairs—came to him when, last autumn, he was appointed to represent the United States at Cairo; and he has not lived long to enjoy it. Personally he was an interesting and attractive man, whom it will not be easy to replace as an authority on Eastern subjects. He knew much of Central Asia, and had a knowledge of Asiatic and Eastern politics generally such as few men of our time possess. We believe that he was closely connected by marriage with M. WADDINGTON, the French Ambassador in London.

SOME VIEWS OF A PERSON OF NO CONSEQUENCE.

IT may seem strange that one so humble as the above title denotes should suppose that any remarks of his should be worth putting into print. But then consider, gentle reader, how enormous is the class to which he belongs, and of which he aspires to be the representative. My editor says, "If you really *are* the Million, about whom we hear so much and know so little, I can fancy nothing more interesting than your views and opinions; you will be almost as good as a mouthpiece of the criminal classes, of whom we know nothing whatever, except, as it were, from the other side."

This is, of course, very encouraging, though it was rather unfeeling of him (however natural) to add that welcome as would be the Million (in my own person) as a contributor, he would very much prefer it as a subscriber. It is at his invitation that I put my pen to paper, a thing, as I told him, I had never done with a view to publication before. "That is of itself," he urged, "a distinction in these days; a total abstainer from prose and verse should have the Victoria Cross for modesty." This was very gratifying, of course, but still I felt bound to say that I was no sort of authority upon any subject; I had learnt nothing at school but Latin and Greek, and both of them had escaped my memory.

"Quite right," he said approvingly. "It was a saying of a much greater man than you, that it was

not necessary for an English gentleman to remember the classical languages, but absolutely essential that he should have forgotten them."

"But unfortunately," I pleaded, "I am equally uninstructed about modern matters; I only know what I like and what I dislike."

He stopped me with a wave of his paper-knife. "You are unconsciously, my dear sir, filling me with the wildest hopes. The line upon my tombstone which will do me the most justice may be the statement that I discovered you. It is only the editors of our great Quarterlies who have hitherto had the gift of unearthing (if I may use the expression) writers who have passed the whole of their days in ignorance of what is going on about them. They are, it is true, men of the greatest reputation, within the University radius, for scholarship; they may have written a translation of the *Agamemnon*, which for unintelligibility bears away the palm from the original; but of modern English literature their ignorance can only be described as miraculous. No one can tell how it has been acquired, but it *is* acquired. The editor, assisted by the lamp of genius, discovers them, breaks open, as it were, the stone in which they have been huddled up all their lives, and gives them some author to criticise, of not more, perhaps (though never less), than twenty years' standing. Some day or another they will "do" Mr. R. L. Stevenson, for example, though he is scarcely yet ripe enough. To this task the critic brings a freshness of treatment that is astounding to a world that has long been acquainted with his subject. Where could this man, it asks, have been hidden all this while, to have been in total ignorance of it? How, having (presumably) eyes and ears, could he have kept them so hermetically sealed? The review is regarded with the veneration that is always paid to what Time has hallowed, and meets with a complete success. And something of this nature I expect from you, sir. You tell me you know nothing of anything (and I believe you), but are simply led by the blind instincts of your likes and dislikes. Nine hundred and ninety-nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine persons out of every hundred thousand are in a similar position, but you will be the first to confess it; the first to utter a protest against that tyrannous culture which would fain forbid you to have any opinions at all. I declare when I think of the enforced silence from which you have so long suffered, my only fear is that when your gag is once taken off I shall never hear the last of you."

"In the meantime, however," I ventured to observe, "and thanking you for all your compliments, I have not the slightest notion how to begin."

"Of course not; centuries of oppression, during which you have never dared to speak, have rendered you almost dumb. Your ideas have been hitherto provided for you, and the notion of thinking for yourself is doubtless strange and embarrassing. In art, in literature, in religion—in everything, indeed, except in politics, in which you are taking the lead (and a pretty mess you are making of it), you have been hitherto content to sit at the feet of teachers who have been unintelligible to you, and of whom, if you asked a question, like Miss Rosa Dartle, 'merely for information,' you got your nose snapped off. Well, now you are free to express your own views: the views of a person of no consequence; think of that."

"Unhappily I can think of nothing else," I said. One may be free, and yet not "free and easy."

The task suggested to me of saying what I thought about things in general was no doubt a glorious opportunity, but somehow I didn't feel equal to it. The ridicule which would (I knew) overwhelm me for venturing to offer an opinion upon any subject was also to be considered. "If there *is* anything to print, you must promise me not to print my name, Mr. Editor," I observed earnestly.

"Well, of course, my good fellow, of what possible use could your name be to me? Who has ever heard of you—or anyone belonging to you—before? You are only a unit, though in an enormous sum."

I knew that he was not merely saying things to please me, but speaking the literal truth. A unit? I felt like a figure on the wrong side of the decimal point.

"Go home, my good fellow," said the editor cheerfully, "go home, and *write* when the spirit moves you. Something may come to you, perhaps, in the cab."

Nothing did, except that the horse fell down on the wood pavement; I was as far from an idea as ever—not of course that I ever had an idea, but we use other people's words as well as thoughts; I mean from a notion of where to begin as the mouthpiece of the Million. My home is not so humble as my belief in my own abilities; people can make money (I am glad to say) without being so uncommonly clever; and I have known some very cultured persons, who would have shrunk from the charge of plagiarism, not disinclined to borrow—but that is a private matter.

Our house is decorated—as I am given to understand—in a high style of art; and though I am no judge of the matter, I may say, from the evidence of my cheque-book, that at all events it ought to be. The gentleman who had it in hand said he hoped "to remove it from the domain of upholstery," which I conclude is to be got cheaper. The walls of our drawing-rooms are cut in half by a dado or dodo; there are peacocks on the ceiling—very pretty, if you don't mind a crick in your neck—and I am told "appropriate;" thank heaven, though life-like, they don't shriek. Even what is called my study—not by me, for I am not a liar at all events—has a dado. The carpet, though costly, only occupies a small portion of the floor, and would, I should think, suit a street acrobat down to the ground; I can't say that it suits *me;* an oak flooring runs round it, which is confoundedly slippery in all weathers; they style it *parquet*. But when I slip on it I say "D—— the *floor*." There is a fine old crusted story about these butter slides. A lady who was very proud of her *parquet* was called upon by some honest fellow, who trod on it. "Take care of my polished floor," she said.

"All right, ma'am," he answered, naturally imagining that her solicitude was upon his account; "I've got nails in my shoes." I should like to see that fellow with his legs (and those very shoes at the end of them) under my mahogany; but I am not allowed to invite whom I will. My guests are selected for me from those who scatter sweetness and light (with a pinch of not too good-natured gossip added) over a smiling land.

My study, and, by-the-bye, why should I not begin by describing that: one's cage is as good an example as need be of one's state of captivity?

My study is decorated very "chastely"—one might almost say prudishly, its style is so very severe. Above the dado hang old engravings of persons I have never so much as heard of, and who have certainly not been chosen on account of their personal beauty! They are all foreigners, mostly Spanish, and one of them (especially diabolical looking) a Grand Inquisitor. Lovers of art come to look at him as if he were Venus. One of them once said to me, with an air of serene conviction, "That engraving is Carmona's." "Well, then," I replied, "I wish to Heaven he'd come and take it away."

What pleasure any human being can derive from looking at such things passes my comprehension. And yet their faces seem to have been the best part of them; for the painter has filled up his canvas, when he came to their midriffs, with books and harps, and serpents and Cupids, as though anything was preferable to going on with them. This is Carmona's "manner," I am told, but it is certainly not a complimentary one. If my own taste—but indeed I have none; there is "a general consensus of

opinion" (their own beautiful phrase) among my cultured friends about that; I have not been "educated to appreciate appropriateness in art" (another); if my own likings had been consulted, I should have had my room hung with water-colour landscapes, illustrative of scenes familiar to me. They would have awakened pleasant memories, and impressed me with cheerfulness; they would have brought the summer home to me in the depth of winter. Any expression of this (I admit) very commonplace and natural wish was met, not only with opposition the most crushing, but contempt. I had unfortunately ventured to say something about the landscapes being like the places; there are portfolios of landscapes above stairs of the most "precious" description (as I am told), but none of them in the least resembling the localities they are supposed to represent; and I confess I had them in my mind when I made that deplorable observation.

"But, dear papa," argued my youngest daughter (for it was not worth while to select an adult out of my artistic family for my discomfiture), "you should remember that mere likeness is the smallest and least important feature of any picture. It is the —" here she poured upon me a flood of technical terms which I have reason to believe would have been mercifully permitted to pass in at one ear and out at the other if the process had been necessary, but she happened to address them to my deaf one—"it is these high qualities, and not the mere slavish and imitative attribute of likeness, that bespeak the genius of the painter. You know, papa, that you always *did* like that enlarged photograph of dear mamma better than the thousand-guinea portrait by Easel."

"My dear child, Mr. Easel's portrait may be the finest of the century," I replied: "my only objection to it is that it is not the portrait of your mother. It is no more like her (except that she does not wear a ruff) than it is like Queen Elizabeth."

"What does that signify, dear papa?" she answered, with tender pity. "Future ages will say: 'That is a portrait of a lady, by Easel;' they will not trouble themselves to inquire whether it was like or not."

The observation was unanswerable, except indeed that I might have said I did not give a thousand guineas to please future ages, but to please myself; that, however, would have seemed the very height of vulgarity. Any allusion to money in the case of a picture (except the cheque for it, which I have known to awaken considerable interest) is very bad form. My dear girl spoke nothing but the truth.

(To be continued.)

LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

THE NEXT HOME RULE BILL.

SIR,—In your last issue I read with some surprise Mr Morton's letter. I agree with Mr. Asquith in thinking that the sooner Mr. Gladstone gives us a general notion of what his Home Rule Bill is likely to be, the better it will be for the Liberal party. No one would wish to have the Bill "tabled," as Mr. Morton expresses it; but we Scotch have a proverb, "it is ill to buy a pig in a poke"; and I think it is high time we had some notion of the general bent of Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule scheme. I trust he will profit by the experience gained in 1886, and not again keep his followers completely in the dark as to his intentions.

I think, too, it is a great mistake to boycott the Liberal Unionists. If any or all of them wish to rejoin the majority of the Liberal party, they should be received with open arms. The way to win at the next General Election is to reunite the Liberal party, not to try and drive men out of it.—I remain your obedient servant, J. COLQUHOUN READE.

Brooks's, St. James's Street, July 21st, 1890.

[We know of no proposal to "boycott" Unionists, nor will they fail to be received with open arms when they once more find themselves in harmony with the majority of their party. But Unionist members who are still reckoned among the supporters of the present Government cannot possibly hope to win the votes of the Liberal party at the next General Election.—ED. THE SPEAKER.]

A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

THE SPEAKER OFFICE.
Friday, July 25th, 1890.

THE genuine Quarterly Reviewer, the true breed, is never so happy as when he is mounted on his high horse, trampling over the mob—the now, alas! enfranchised mob. In his heart of hearts he is still the same creature as he who reviewed "Jane Eyre" in the December number, 1849. He still regrets the levelling spirit of the age, still abhors equality, still believes in bobs and curtseys, and in the divine right of the upper classes to be reverenced by the lower.

He may be found, a mournful and, it must be owned, dilapidated figure in the current number of the venerable periodical for which alone he writes. His subject is "Penny Fiction," and his lament—for he is for ever lamenting—is the shocking bad taste in letters of the average School Board boy.

This boy, it appears, has the impudence to prefer—so the Quarterly Reviewer, on what authority we know not, asserts—"Spring-heeled Jack; or, the Terror of London" to the fascinating Journals of Lady Brassey. This, if true, is sad; but there were once reviewers in the land, of mature years and University training, who preferred the poetry of the Rev. Mr. Milman and the Rev. Mr. Atherstone (author of that stirring work "The Fall of Nineveh") to the poetry of John Keats. The admiring reader of "Spring-heeled Jack" left school for the factory or the workshop aged thirteen. It would be decent to show him some little consideration.

This boy also reads—so, at least, we are assured—"Sweeney Todd, the Demon Barber of Fleet Street"—a gruesome tale which the Quarterly Reviewer denounces as in most atrocious taste, but which, as stated by him, is not nearly so bad as a famous Ingoldsby Legend which tells of the diet of some eels in a pond. But Mr. Barham was a clergyman of the Establishment. Then there is "Cheeky Charlie; or, What a Boy can Do," and "Turnpike Dick"—two books in which Beaks and Bobbies, and other constituted authorities whom all good boys should love, are spoken of contemptuously, and which yet are largely read by State-educated children.

The whole article is tremendously overdone. "Spring-heeled Jack," sad trash as it doubtless is, becomes a count in the indictment against School Boards. This is the result of teaching poor boys to read. Instead of devouring "Murray's Family Library" during the dinner-hour or on Sunday mornings, they betake themselves to a kind of fiction which is sold in the neighbourhood of Fleet Street, and is unknown to the publishers of "Don Juan."

Penny fiction is stupid enough; whether it is stupider than shilling fiction, it would be hard to determine. It seems unlikely. But to denounce it, as does this Quarterly Reviewer, as foul and filthy trash, is to speak in King Cambyses' vein. "Spring-heeled Jack" is well within the law. You may be as dull as you please in print, but you must not be either obscene or blasphemous. "Spring-heeled Jack" observes this law better than many.

People who lead hard dull lives are not content with the "Harvest of a Quiet Eye," or the "Diary of an Invalid." They love excitement, and, if they are taught to read at all, will read exciting books. Then the question arises, What is an exciting book? Upon this a School Board boy is entitled to be as tenacious of his opinion as Quarterly Reviewers are of theirs.

Nobody nowadays reads "The Mirror of Knighthood," which is the English translation in nine volumes of the Spanish romance, once in Don Quixote's Library, "Espeio de Principes y Cavalleros." It would be rather difficult to read it, even were one so minded, for Mr. Bullen, in his preface to "Lyrics from Elizabethan Romances," tells us that only one perfect copy is known to exist, and that is in the Bodleian, where reading is discouraged. But in Elizabeth's days, adds Mr. Bullen, using a phrase I venture to deprecate, for it smacks of "the trade," "the book was highly esteemed, particularly by romantic 'prentices and waiting-maids. Sir Thomas Overbury, in his character of 'A Chambermaid,' tells us, 'She reads Greene's works over and over, but is so carried away with "The Mirror of Knighthood" she is many times resolved to run out of herself and become a lady-errant.'"

According to the Quarterly Reviewer the perusal of "Spring-heeled Jack" and "Turnpike Dick" has just the same effect upon our Board School boys. They long to take to the road.

The "Mirror of Knighthood" appeared in parts like "Pickwick" and "Vanity Fair," and was no doubt considered at the time, and probably with justice, to be a vain and amatorious work and one well calculated to demoralise the masses who, however, found in it a narcotic for their pain. The Curate of La Mancha, it will be remembered, was disposed to save it from the flames because it had some part in the inventions of Boiardo and Ariosto. Mr. Ormsby tells us that next to the history of Charlemagne and the Twelve Peers it was the most popular of the Carlovingian series of romances. It lived to turn the heads of English chambermaids in the time of Elizabeth, and now of the English version there is but one perfect copy known to exist, and that is in the Bodleian. What, one may well ask, is Fame?

As long as the world remains what hitherto it has always been, people will read, as Sir Thomas Overbury's chambermaid read the "Mirror of Knighthood," not to improve their minds, but in order "to run out of themselves." Those books will ever be the world's favourites which make their readers run fastest.

There is an immense deal of clap-trap talked and more written about books and reading—the Ministry of Books, the Consolations of Literature, and I know not what other fine phrases. Some of the finest may be often encountered pilloried in the catalogues of the second-hand booksellers, who, being lawfully desirous of turning over their stock quickly, are fond of appending to a terse description of the particular volumes for sale some luscious quotation describing the immense consolation the work in question has been to some person or another. Thus, the voice of that highly scandalous prelate, Bishop Watson, is often to be heard through the land asserting under the head of Locke, "Let them (the works of John, in 10 vols. octavo) be ever on your table, and when you have an hour to spend from business or pleasure, spend it with them." That is not the way the Bishop of Llandaff spent his very ample leisure. "The Anatomy of Melancholy" is monthly advertised in a score of catalogues as the only book that ever got Dr. Johnson out of bed two hours sooner than he wished to rise. What evidence is there worth having that Dr. Johnson ever in his life got out of bed in order to read old Burton's "Anatomy?" It is true that he told the Rev. Dr. Maxwell, "some time assistant-preacher at the Temple," that such was the case; and had the statement been that the book had prevented the Dr. going to bed for two hours after he had better have been there, I should have had no difficulty in believing it. But as it stands, it savours of the unreality which infests this subject.

As for the consolation, who was ever consoled in real trouble by the small beer of literature or science? It is Dr. Newman asks the question, not I.

Literature should be taken seriously, but not too seriously. "Robinson Crusoe" may have sent some boys to sea, Franklin's "Poor Richard" may have made some youths thrifty, but this is not the usual process of manufacture. Many a gallant soldier has a vile taste in letters. General Wolfes are rare. The Duke of Wellington seems to have read next to nothing. Gordon was fond of Bogatsky's "Golden Treasury." Some of our greatest Judges have been very partial to the trashiest kind of novel. The vulgar and odious language of the street often defiles and defames but cannot destroy kind thoughts and generous actions. Bookishness is an intellectual monkery. It is the criticism of the cloister. In the beginning it has a charm, this devotedness to books and what people have said, but after a time it becomes wearisome and an offence, and you long to meet some child of nature who has never read anything and cannot torture you with endless quotations, or thrust borrowed opinions down your throat. In such moments the frank candour of a schoolboy, his "beastlys," and "jollys" are more refreshing than the most elaborate appreciations.

Still, the great thing is to keep pegging away with cheap masterpieces. The good books will beat the bad ones: they always have, and, despite our dolorous Quarterly Reviewer, they always will. The boy does not breathe who will not prefer "The Three Musqueteers" to "Spring-heeled Jack," although he may prefer "Spring-heeled Jack" to Dean Burgon's "Twelve Good Men;" but cheap books, however good, will not give a town-born and a town-bred population the thews and sinews of a conquering race, neither will they make virtue easy or rob Death of a single terror. A. B.

REVIEWS.

MR. DICEY'S PAMPHLET.

THE VERDICT: A TRACT ON THE POLITICAL SIGNIFICANCE OF THE REPORT OF THE PARNELL COMMISSION. By A. V. Dicey, Q.C. London: Cassell & Co. 1890.

HOME Rulers, if we remember rightly, welcomed Mr. Dicey's "England's Case against Home Rule" even more cordially than Unionists, because it virtually conceded the whole case which it professed to defend. Home Rulers are likely to welcome Mr. Dicey's new volume for the same reason. His admissions undermine his conclusions, and his arguments against Home Rule are so unpractical, and in some cases so mutually destructive, that they can hardly influence the policy of statesmen. Indeed Mr. Dicey has himself obligingly furnished us with a criterion wherewith to test his political judgment. He enters into an elaborate argument to show that the Parnell Commission Report "finally fixes the position of Gladstonians as revolutionists." It would be morally wrong, and politically dangerous, to grant Home Rule to revolutionists; but the Parnellites have been proved to be revolutionists, and if the Gladstonian party do not separate themselves from proved revolutionists they become *participes criminis*, and therefore traitors to the constitution of their country. Such is the argument, and here is Mr. Dicey's test:—

"The matter may be brought to a clear, simple, and plain test. The campaign carried on against Mr. Smith Barry is nothing but the newest invention of lawless agitation. It is an open breach of law; it is a breach of good faith; it is an act of gross oppression, and (as it chances) of oppression to a good citizen who has every claim to the highest respect. Do the Gladstonians detest, or do they approve or sanction, the campaign against Mr. Smith Barry? On the plain answer to this plain question everything depends. If the Gladstonians,

in common with all Unionists, detest the campaign and denounce it, and publicly make the withdrawal of the attack on Mr. Smith Barry an essential condition of the continued political alliance between English Liberals and Parnellites, then, but on no other terms, the Gladstonians may return to the position of a constitutional party. The crisis does not brook delay. This is no time for silence; now, if ever, silence implies consent. What is demanded of the Gladstonians by every Englishman who cares either for individual freedom or for justice between man and man [observe how these 'Unionists' always claim a monopoly of all the virtues], is the distinct formal, unmistakable denunciation of the Plan of Campaign now being fought out by the Parnellites. A letter from Hawarden, written in clear and unmistakable language, would be enough to settle the whole matter. Unhappily, Mr. Gladstone has not yet uttered that clear, stern denunciation of the attack on Mr. Smith Barry which alone can, to any extent, relieve the Gladstonians from the charge of sympathy or complicity with revolution."

"Until this denunciation is uttered," the Gladstonians and their Irish allies, we are assured, must be assumed to be so tainted with political immorality and indifference to the integrity and well-being of the Empire that they cannot be trusted with office either here or in Ireland. Mr. Dicey's test is, we admit, a decisive one; but what it decides is not Mr. Gladstone's unfitness for office, but Mr. Dicey's incompetency to argue the question of Home Rule impartially. According to Mr. Dicey's statement of the case Mr. Smith Barry "is attacked by the Campaigners; he is deprived, as far as they can do it, of his property because he has chosen to support another landlord in refusing a reduction of rent—that is, because he has chosen to exercise one of the most ordinary rights of a British citizen." The truth is that the "other landlord" was on the point of a fair agreement with his tenantry on the basis of an equitable reduction of rents when Mr. Smith Barry, at the head of a syndicate of landlords, intervened and upset the arrangement. The result was a series of painful evictions on the Ponsonby estate. For this Mr. Smith Barry was wholly and gratuitously responsible. He is himself an excellent landlord, but he knew that a Land Purchase Bill was in process of incubation in the Ministerial brain, and he dreaded a wholesale reduction of rents however fair, because he expected that the terms of purchase would be based on the existing rents. He combined, therefore, with other landlords to oppose all arrangements between landlords and tenants for the reduction of rents. On the Ponsonby estate he succeeded only too well, but he did not foresee the consequences. The most valuable part of his Irish property is the prosperous town of Tipperary, and his Tipperary tenantry, as a protest against his interference on the Ponsonby estate, have abandoned Tipperary and built and occupied a new Tipperary on an adjoining property. Old Tipperary is thus left tenantless on Mr. Smith Barry's hands, to his very serious loss. But those who play at bowls must expect rubbers, and if Mr. Smith Barry "has chosen to support another landlord in refusing a reduction of rent," he has only himself to blame if his tenantry resent his wanton interference by a general exodus from his property. Mr. Dicey thinks that, in acting as he has done, Mr. Smith Barry has simply "chosen to exercise one of the most ordinary rights of a British citizen." In other words, Mr. Smith Barry is acting most laudably in helping an Irish landlord to maintain unjust rents; but his tenantry are revolutionists and treasonmongers, because, to their own serious pecuniary, detriment, they try to help the tenants of that landlord to obtain a fair reduction of rents. And Mr. Dicey thinks this so flagrant a case that he calls on Mr. Gladstone, on pain of political ostracism and the eternal condemnation of his Irish policy, to denounce Mr. Smith Barry's Irish tenantry and their abettors. A writer who takes so monstrously one-sided a view in a test-case of his own selection, has really put himself out of court in claiming to be a judicial authority on the question in dispute. Nor is this the only instance of unconscious animus that Mr. Dicey's book shows; it is charged all through with invincible bias in favour of the Irish landlords, and consequently against the tenants. "We know for certain," he says—and the assertion is repeated in various forms—"that the Parnellites did enter into a conspiracy by a system of coercion and intimidation to prevent the payment of agricultural rents, and to ruin the landlords of Ireland." For this assertion Mr. Dicey gives no evidence, and none is producible. The Plan of Campaign did not profess to be, nor was it in fact, an attempt "to prevent the payment of agricultural rents and to ruin the landlords of Ireland." It was a method of putting pressure on landlords to give a fair reduction of rents; and as a matter of fact the law courts have in almost every case which came under their jurisdiction made reductions equal to, in some cases lower than, the terms of the Plan of Campaign. Another instance of Mr. Dicey's bias is his sneering assertion that "English Radicals exercised no generosity in bestowing upon Irish farmers a share in the land of Irish landlords." The Land Acts of 1870, 1881, and we may add Lord Salisbury's Act of 1887, simply recognised facts—namely, that the tenants in Ireland had an equitable right to be recognised as part owners of the land which derived its value mainly from their labour and capital.

Mr. Dicey writes too much in the spirit of a man who thinks that Irish tenants, when their interests conflict with those of the landlords, have no rights at all. And he is so prejudiced that he really cannot see the strength of his opponent's case. The simple truth is that the Report of the Parnell Commission acquits the Parnellites of what friends and foes regarded beforehand as the only really serious charges against them. Let us summarise the findings of the Court:—(1) "The respondents were not members of a treasonable conspiracy to establish the independence of Ireland. (2) They did not directly incite persons to the commission of crime other than intimidation. (3) Mr. Parnell and others were sincere in denouncing the Phœnix Park murders, and the Pigott letters were all forgeries. (4) No truth in the charge against Mr. Parnell of having been intimate with the leading Invincibles and cognisant of their criminal intentions. (5) Mr. Parnell did not make any remittance to enable F. Byrne to escape from justice. (6) There is no proof that the respondents made payments for the purpose of inciting persons to commit crime; (7) That they subscribed to testimonials for, or even intimately associated with, notorious criminals, or that they made payments to procure the escape of criminals from justice; (8) That they, or any of them, knew that the Clan-na-Gael controlled the League, or was collecting money for the Parliamentary Fund; (9) That Mr. Parnell, at the time of the Kilmainham negotiations, knew that Sheridan and Boyton had been organising outrage, and therefore wished to use them to put down outrage.

Does any man, out of Bedlam, believe that, but for the charges upon which the Commissioners have thus given an acquittal, there would have been any Commission at all? And does any sane man, who is capable of a dispassionate judgment, believe that the rest of the finding of the Commissioners has the slightest political value? All the Land League books and correspondence were not submitted to the Commissioners; but there may have been good reasons for that apart from anything criminal. Mr. Houston, the exploiter of Pigott and of Parnellism and Crime, confessed in court that he had burnt all his compromising papers the moment the Commission was appointed. Yet the Commissioners passed no censure upon him. The respondents encouraged boycotting; used language which they should have known was likely to lead to crime; were not as careful as they should have been in avoiding dynamiters and other conspirators; and some of them had on some occasions deviated from the truth. Mr. Dicey seriously argues that this part of the Commissioners' finding proves that it would be perilous to grant Home Rule to a country where such men would wield the chief power! Such an argument would make sad havoc of some of our public men. We do not wish to be

personal, but have the officials of the Foreign Office, from the chief downward, always paid a scrupulous regard to truth? LordRandolph Churchill incited Ulster to rebellion, and Mr. Dicey has a passage of similar import in this book. Are they both, therefore, unfit to have any share in the government of the country? Suppose Mr. Parnell and others did foresee that, in their efforts to ameliorate permanently the condition of the Irish people, much suffering, perhaps even crime, would disfigure the movement, were they on that account to desist and allow the indefinite continuance of a state of things of which suffering and crime were the inevitable results? We answer in the words of Sir James Mackintosh in defence of the French Revolution: "Has any moralist ever pretended that we are to decline the pursuit of a good which our duty presents to us because we foresaw that some partial and incidental evil would arise from it?"

But Mr. Dicey is pressed hard by the argument that leaders of revolutions in this country and elsewhere have often come to be recognised as patriots deserving well of their country. Yes, he replies, but the unpardonable sin in Mr. Parnell and his party is that they have tried to combine constitutional action with unconstitutional agitation, and have thus practised a "fraud" on us. Consequently they are never to be trusted. The argument is original; but originality adds no force to a reasoning which is inherently absurd. Nor are we much impressed by Mr. Dicey's laboured argument to show that there is no gratitude in politics. It is not because we rely on Irish gratitude that we believe Home Rule will succeed, but because self-interest, which is a stronger motive than gratitude, will induce the Irish to cultivate friendly relations with this country when their reasonable claims are satisfied. And we must remind Mr. Dicey that no one has proposed to give Ireland "an independent Parliament." We will only add that when so able and honest an advocate cannot make out a stronger case than this, he would have been wise to have left the Parnell Commission in the oblivion which has already nearly effaced it from the memory of the public.

GEORGE BUCHANAN.

George Buchanan, Humanist and Reformer. A Biography. By P. Hume Brown. Edinburgh: D. Douglas. 1890.

THIS learned and well-written biography marks the advance the biographic art has made in the present generation. The Memoir of Buchanan by Irving, librarian of the Advocates' Library, was a good work, but Mr. Hume Brown has amply justified his undertaking to re-narrate the life of the best Latin scholar of Scotland, and one of the most remarkable characters in Scottish history. It is as the man of letters of the sixteenth century that both his biographers have wisely drawn the portrait of Buchanan. His political action was important, but it was a small part of a long life and is more difficult to estimate. He was in it chiefly the agent of the Regent Murray, and his conduct will be judged according to the view taken of the character of Mary Stewart. In the Revival of Learning in Northern Europe which followed the Renaissance of art and preceded the Reformation of religion, he was an independent actor of the first rank.

Mr. Brown marks with precision Buchanan's place in this movement. He was a Scholar or Humanist, as the champions of the revived study of Latin and Greek were called, before, and he remained a Scholar after he became a Reformer. He stands half-way between Erasmus and Knox. The main interest of his life was not religion or politics, but education and literature; yet he was no pedant, and the time in which he lived naturally led a man of his strong character to take part in public affairs. Born at a small farm in Stirlingshire in 1506, a Celt on the father's but a Saxon on the mother's side, he died in Edinburgh in 1582. No life, therefore, better represents the century of the Reformation. Sent, a boy of fourteen, to the University of Paris, he lived abroad except for two intervals of four years from 1522 to 1526, and again from 1535 to 1539, until his fifty-fifth year. More than half of his mature life was thus spent on the Continent as a student and teacher, chiefly in France, but also in Portugal, and for the last five years, as tutor of the son of the Maréchal de Brissac, partly in Italy. Though he retained his patriotism, he was not an insular but a Continental Scot. It is on the first or foreign period of his life that Mr. Brown throws most fresh light. No University has ever had a greater fame than Paris in the sixteenth century. Already venerable from old traditions, it then had fifty colleges and was the resort of students from all Europe. It was not merely a distinct quarter, it was, as Hugo has called it, a city within the city, which was the most brilliant and beautiful capital of Europe.

Scotland already possessed three of its four Universities, but the Scottish youth who desired the best education still sought it abroad — so meagre were the endowments, so limited the scheme of study of the Scottish Colleges. No student had a more complete training for the profession of a teacher than Buchanan. It is uncertain at which of the Paris Colleges he spent his first years—probably at one of the preparatory schools of the German Nation. On his return in 1526 he went to the Scots College, and graduated as M.A. in 1527, his residence at St. Andrews, where he studied under John Major, being allowed to count. In 1528 he became Regent in the College of St. Barbe, and in 1529 Procurator of the German Nation, to which he was re-elected four times, and next year he was one of the Electors of the Rector. In 1531 he left St. Barbe and was tutor to the Earl of Cassilis for five years, when he returned home to discharge a similar duty for an illegitimate son of James V. In 1539, on the invitation of André Gouvéa, nephew of the Portuguese principal of St. Barbe, he became Regent in the College of Guyenne at Bordeaux, but returned to Paris in 1544, where he remained three years in the College of Cardinal Lemoine. In 1547 he accompanied Gouvéa to Coimbra, where John of Portugal was attempting to introduce the new learning, but he was driven from it by the Jesuits. After a short stay in England he went back to Paris as Regent in the College Boncourt, from which he was taken in 1555 by De Brissac to be tutor to his son Tumoleon du Cossé, a boy of twelve; and in 1559 he returned to Scotland, where he spent the rest of his life.

His former connection with the Court, and his knowledge of French as well as Latin, brought him into contact with Mary, and she read with him "somewhat of Livy." After her abdication he was appointed Principal of St. Leonard's College, St. Andrews, into which he introduced reforms, but left it to become tutor to James VI. For some reason he seems to have preferred the office of tutor to that of professor. Perhaps it left him more leisure for literature. After Darnley's murder he was employed as "the pen" of Murray to write the *Detectio*, in which Mary was accused of contriving the murder; and he accompanied Murray to York and Westminster, where the charges against Mary were tabled which afforded the grounds for Elizabeth and her Ministers detaining the Scottish Queen as a captive, and supporting Murray as Regent. After Murray's death he was appointed tutor of James VI., an office he held for eight years, from the fourth to the twelfth year of his royal pupil. Buchanan's character made a strong impression on the precocious boy, who respected the learning but disliked the discipline of his tutor. Buchanan died as he had lived, honourably poor. The only asset in his will was an unpaid portion of his pension. Mr. Brown successfully refutes the suggestion that this pension of £500 out of the suppressed Abbey of Cronraquel from Mary of which in fact he

never succeeded in getting full payment, is ground for a charge of ingratitude, or that he received anything from the Regent which could be counted as a bribe. His whole career, and his writings as a whole, satisfy the impartial student that he was an honest man. It is proper too, as Mr. Brown urges, to allow for the conventional language of a time which knew no measure either in panegyric or in satire. But it is not so easy to accept, as Mr. Brown asks us to do, the defence that Buchanan was merely an advocate writing from a brief. Even if he was so in the *Detectio*, what shall we say of the History? But there is a difference, allowed, even in this too common theory of advocacy, between speech and writing. The claim that an advocate may say whatever he is instructed, although he does not believe it to be true, strains that theory to a breaking point, and discredits an honourable profession. Nor was Buchanan, an advocate by profession, bound to accept a brief. His defence must be that he believed all he wrote. It is only a partial defence, for, leaving the main charge and the authenticity of the Casket Letters out of view, several of his accusations are without foundation; for example, the charge that Mary tempted Darnley to try to seduce Murray's wife (if this is the meaning of a somewhat obscure passage in the *Detectio*); that she attempted to poison her own child; the charge of open adultery before Darnley's death; and the insinuation that Hamilton the Archbishop was privy to the murder. We cannot here enter into the question of Mary's complicity in Darnley's murder, for which much is still being said on both sides, and the final word will apparently never be spoken. But that Buchanan should have allowed himself to be made the mouthpiece of these additional and groundless charges, is a signal warning against the lengths to which party spirit may carry men otherwise honest. It is one of the uses of history to enable us to see such conduct in its true light and to prove the folly, to say the least, of exaggeration. Buchanan's manner of blackening the character of Mary is now one of the strong points made by her defenders.

The literary excellence of Buchanan is very fairly judged in this work. It is truly pointed out that he was a real poet, not merely a writer of Latin verse. No writer of such verse ever blended better the classic style and modern thought. His *Kalendæ Maiæ*, which Wordsworth admired, are prettily turned by Mr. Brown into a poem on May Day which might have been written in the present century. But it is somewhat of an exaggeration —one of the few in a singularly fair biography— to say they surpass Horace. The merits of his clear and unrhetorical prose style in his History are not over-estimated as they have been when his admirers claimed that he excelled Livy. Yet that he should have been compared with both Horace and Livy is an indication of the wide compass of Buchanan's talents. His friendship, not merely with the leaders of the Scottish Reformation, but with English and Continental scholars, with such men as Roger Ascham, Elie Vinet, Beza, and Tycho Brahé, to name only four of a host, is fairly appealed to as a testimony to his character. The regret that he did not write in the vernacular, though natural, may be mitigated by the recollection that this vernacular would have been the Scottish dialect, and, powerful as that dialect is, it may be doubted whether he would have been more read in England if he had written in it. He is the representative of the Scotch professor and tutor, learned, thoughtful, independent, dogmatic, straightforward, somewhat stern. "A Stoic philosopher," is the expression of Sir James Melville. But his genius raised him above the class he represents. He is a natural poet in spite of his erudition. He might have been a great historian had he not been a partisan. He has a place amongst the few important writers in this country on politics. It is as impossible to conceal his faults as his virtues. Perhaps it might not be so much of a paradox as it may seem, to call Buchanan a Scotch Dr. Johnson of the sixteenth century. The same grain of character, the same tastes and similar pursuits, produced opposite results in a different country and a different age.

The present work, which, with the exception of the disputable point of his conduct in the matter of Queen Mary, fairly represents his qualities and clearly explains his position, deserves a place in the libraries of all interested in scholarship or literature, or in the study of character.

A LIFE OF IBSEN.

Henrik Ibsen, 1828—1888. Et literært Livsbillede. Af Henrik Jæger. København: Gyldendal. 1888.

Henrik Ibsen, 1828—1888. Ein litterarisches Lebensbild von Henrik Jæger. Deutsch von Heinrich Zschalig. Dresden und Leipzig: H. Minden. 1890.

In spite of the great curiosity which the works of Ibsen have created, the number of those persons who read Norwegian for themselves is still extremely limited in this country. Ibsenites should therefore be prepared to welcome the appearance in so familiar a language as German of a translation of the one authorised biography of their idol. Dr. Zschalig has not merely obtained the permission of Mr. Jæger to make this version, but the Norwegian critic has brought the book down to date by the addition of a section on *The Lady from the Sea*. This biography originally appeared early in 1888, at Christmas of which year the play just mentioned was issued. The translation may really be recommended, even to those who read both languages with equal ease, in preference to the original, for it is provided with a few additional notes and explanatory passages which aid the comprehension of a foreigner. In comparing the two editions, we find that Dr. Zschalig has taken the liberty of occasionally curtailing Mr. Jæger's descriptions, which, especially in dealing with some of Ibsen's early and immature works, are needlessly diffuse. The translation is excellently performed, and in particular we must praise the skill with which Dr. Zschalig has rendered into analogous German verse the passages from the poetical plays which are casually quoted in the text.

The existence of so full a biography of a man little more than sixty years of age, and still in perfect health, is a testimony to the regard which is felt for Ibsen in Scandinavia. This bard cannot complain that he is not a prophet in his own country, nor in Sweden, where Mr. Valfrid Vasenius has dedicated a similar though less interesting volume to his life and writings. But we cannot help believing that if he had chosen to live in Norway these premature honours of biography would scarcely have fallen in his way. Ibsen lives in a curious relation to the Norwegians. He is one of them by birth; he has employed their language in all his literary productions; the success of his genius has given Norway a flattering prominence in the eyes of Europe; but of its greatest poet Norway personally knows very little indeed. In his early days, it did not appreciate him or recognise his gifts. He was out of sympathy with Norwegian society, unsuccessful on the stage, poor, irritable, and, if we may read between Mr. Jæger's lines, not a little exasperating. At last, on the 2nd of April, 1864, he could bear it no longer, and, as his biographer says, "he shook the dust of Christiania off his feet," and went southwards, through Germany to Italy. Since that time he has become one of the most prominent literary men of Europe; but he has only visited Norway occasionally, for a week or two at a time, like any other tourist. He is therefore an object of unusual curiosity in his own country, where custom has not staled his infinite variety.

The latest kind of Ibsenite, in England, France, and America, knows the Norwegian dramatist solely as the producer of a singular species of social play in prose, the characteristic of which it is to stimulate

controversy on moral topics. It is usual to hear Ibsen discussed as if these dramas were his sole claim to consideration. This class of reader will be scandalised to find Mr. Jæger dedicating only about forty pages out of his 296 to the analysis of these "Zeitdramen." As a matter of fact, the Scandinavian public has never taken in the prose modern plays the same inordinate interest which has been shown by the rest of Europe. We have no very recent particulars before us, but a year or two ago none of the social dramas, except *A Doll's House*, had reached a third edition in their original language; while the poetical plays, and especially *Brand* and *Peer Gynt*, were still enjoying an unabated popularity. We hear much in this country of *The Pillars of Society*, but it is probable that for one copy of that dramatic tract which has been sold in Norway, there have been circulated ten of *Brand*. The fact is that Ibsen's real strength lay in his manipulation of ideas in rhymed verse. The suppleness of his metrical gift, his sustained power of rhyming brilliantly and effectively, and of conducting a dramatic story at the same time, were simply extraordinary. In this class, *Peer Gynt*, a wild sort of opera, recounting the adventures of an unscrupulous young peasant, and culminating in a general satire upon modern Norwegian life, is simply a wonder. The torrent of rhymes leaps out, crackling and coruscating like a veritable aurora borealis, and is supported, without any sense of exhaustion or even fatigue, through five long acts. Nothing is more unaccountable, at first sight, than that a poet possessing this unique gift should be willing to surrender it. In his published utterances Ibsen professes, no doubt with sincerity, that he became disgusted with the artificiality of rhyme and verse, and determined to seek the purer realism to be attained only in prose. Alphonse Daudet speaks somewhere of a drama which he went to see, the idea of which was pretty enough; "but alas! it was in verse, and *ennui* stalked between the lines!" In Ibsen's case, however, it is universally conceded that he exorcised the spectre of *ennui*. May it not be that one so adroit and sagacious, fretting under the obscurity of a language understood by such a mere handful of men, reflected that it might be wise to speak a tongue which all Europe might listen to, a prose which could be translated, as the poetic plays never could, without sustaining any loss in the process? We do not say that he was not convinced of the value of greater realism of form, but surely the other and very natural reflection had its place also in causing his change of style.

The biographical part of Mr. Jæger's volume is better written than the critical part. He seems to have little acquaintance with comparative literature, and little judgment in dealing with questions of style. But he is a careful biographer, and he has arranged and subdivided his material with a great deal of skill. This is matter for gratitude; for we expect from him not an *étude* on his author, but particulars of the development of that author's mind such as are not to be obtained elsewhere. Ibsen has evidently helped him with facts, letters, and notes, and has apparently even revised the proofs. The poet is far too sensible to be one of those whose vanity clamours for notice, and yet refuses to give the information desired, trembling with the hope of flattery on the one hand, yet anxious to be able to disclaim having prompted it on the other. That such a book as this should be published in a poet's lifetime may surprise us: if it must be published, it is certainly proper that the man who of all others can render it most authoritative should, without affectation, preserve it from error. Until this volume was published, various interesting particulars with regard to Ibsen's ancestry were wholly unknown. It is certainly curious that his great-grandmother was a Scotchwoman. Her name is given as Wenche Dischington. His great-great-grandfather was a Dane from the Island of Möen in the Baltic, his great-grandmother a German. The poet's own mother and grandmother were Germans. In his blood, therefore, the races of Northern Europe are mingled to an unusual degree. Mr. Jæger traces these various strains through the genius of Henrik Ibsen. He sees the Scotch character in the idealism and puritanism of the poet. He is systematic and speculative in consequence of all that succession of Germans on the female side. Mr. Jæger is too Norwegian to admit, however, that it is the Danish streak that perhaps gives the poet his grace and charm in lighter moments; but he admits that the men of the Ibsen family have been of a sunnier temperament than the women.

A particular interest attaches to the account given in this volume of the early unpublished writings of Ibsen, which still exist, but which he has not allowed himself to be persuaded to publish. In September, 1850, he brought out, on the stage of the Royal Theatre at Christiania, a one-act drama entitled *Kjæmpehöjen* ("The Viking's Barrow"), apparently in blank verse, and in imitation of the heroic tragedies of Oehlenschläger. This was well received by the public, but has never been printed. Ibsen's next production, *Sancthansnatten* ("Midsummer Night"), was a Shakespearian romantic comedy, not without direct influences from the history of Titania and Bottom. This was brought out on the Bergen stage on the 2nd of January, 1853, and only exists in an imperfect actor's transcript; it failed, and was acted but one night. It is described as purely romantic. More interesting than either of these must be *Olaf Liljekrans*, a three-act drama which ought to take its place between *Gildet paa Solhoug* and *Hærmændene paa Helgeland*, but has never yet been printed. He wrote it in 1857, and it was the last play he produced for the theatre at Bergen, of which he had then for five years been director. The play was founded on the old ballad of Olaf Liljekrans, who is seduced away by the fairies on his bridal morning, though the play did not follow the romantic lines of the poem. It seems really a pity that this drama, which belongs to Ibsen's maturity, and which was fairly well received on the stage, should not be published, but it appears that he has never been satisfied with it. In 1859 he tried to rewrite it as a romantic opera, but never completed the task. In addition to these three pieces, all of which have enjoyed so much life as is conferred by actual representation on the public stage, there exists unacted a fourth play of Ibsen's, *Rypen i Justedal* ("Grouse in Justedal"), a national drama in four acts, written in 1850, which is said to bear some relations with the later, but also unpublished, *Olaf Liljekrans*. It will be seen that there remains plenty of work for the Norwegian Formans and Furnivalls of the future to do in editing the complete Ibsen; and if the author of *Peer Gynt* wishes to be judged only by his best, we counsel him to destroy utterly these early productions. Unless he does so, nothing will save them from the just curiosity of bibliographers.

A FRENCH POLITICAL ANNUAL OF THE WORLD.

La Vie Politique à l'Étranger, 1889: Publiée sous la direction et avec une préface de Ernest Lavisse. Paris: Charpentier. 1890.

This work represents an excellent idea, and one which deserves to receive practical shape and application in England. It attempts to provide a sort of Annual Register of the politics of the world, setting forth the most important events of each year in each country—not merely those which affect its relations to other countries, but those also which belong to its internal or domestic history. The aim, in fact, is to give the intelligent student of contemporary politics a notion of all that has passed during the year preceding, so that he may be able to follow the progress of change in each State, and, at the same time, to gather and comprehend the general movements of the world. A considerable number of writers—apparently nearly all young writers—

have undertaken the several countries, some few signing their names, others remaining anonymous. M. Ernest Lavisse writes a short preface, explaining the scheme of the book, and to him is attributed its "direction," but how far he is thereby to be deemed responsible for its contents, or for the selection of the writers, is not stated. The execution, as might be expected when the writers are numerous and some of them untrained, is unequal; but the scale of treatment is not unskilfully proportioned to the probable curiosity of the reader, space being allotted to each country or region, not merely in respect to its importance, but to the difficulty of obtaining information. Thus, while Germany has 28 pages, Italy 22, England 16, Spain 12, West Africa has 50, East Africa 30, Morocco and the Sahara 10, South Africa 9. The writers do not—and with the space at their command it is well that they do not—seek to be philosophic historians. Few even attempt to do more than state in a summary way the main facts of the year, leaving generalisations aside. We are not greatly impressed by their insight; certainly neither the articles on the United States, nor those on Portugal, Turkey, and Brazil, strike one as the work of thoroughly informed specialists, though the first is well constructed and proportioned. That on England is meagre, while in those where England is incidentally treated—as, for example, Portugal—the tone is somewhat anti-English. This, however, is a recommendation to English readers, who ought to wish to know the worst that can be said abroad of their country. On the whole, the book is a seasonable one, and likely to be useful to politicians.

AN ART PRIMER.

A Popular Handbook to the National Gallery. Compiled by Edward T. Cook. Third edition. London: Macmillan & Co. 1890.

As a sign of the times, the demand for a yearly edition of Mr. Cook's handbook is unquestionably gratifying to all who have at heart the true interests of painting. Unlike most publications of the order to which it belongs, it can be read with instruction and enjoyment at home as well as in the galleries to which it serves as a guide; and it can be read continuously. It constitutes a compendious history of painting, with select criticisms and illustrations from literature which give a charm to every page. Doubtless, after the newspaper, the chief bane of modern literature is the book of extracts, aiding materially, as it does, in the destruction of all aptitude for serious study. To be able to talk about a subject is the sole aim of most readers; and although it is not in our minds to tax it with the immoral purpose to which it may be put, Mr. Cook's manual supplies, unfortunately, the very *vade-mecum* for which the budding *dilettante* has been sighing. In addition to the acquirement of a stock of ready-made criticisms on schools of painting, on pictures and on artists, the book has this further recommendation for the reader referred to: he will be enabled, by the copious notes selected "by special permission" from the works of Mr. Ruskin, to talk with confidence of the writings and opinions on painting of the great dogmatist. If we were to find actual fault, it would be with the cyclopædic nature of the contents. In rendering the information as exhaustive as possible, matter is introduced which the art student will find very distracting, and which will lead those who read in order to be able to talk, to place much greater weight than it deserves upon an element in the production and acquirement of pictures which most people are apt enough already to over-estimate—we mean the finance of painting. Particular attention is directed to this matter by the compiler in his introduction, in numerous references throughout the book, and in an appendix giving the price paid for every purchased picture in the National Gallery. No doubt this is exactly what the majority of readers want to know. There is repeated in the faces of the jaded row of sightseers who may be found any afternoon seated uncomfortably in front of the Madonna Ansidei but one expression, which finds utterance occasionally in a sigh—"Seventy thousand pounds! What a magnificent picture!" But if Mr. Cook be at hand to remind them that that is equal to £14 per square inch, even such articulate relief might be denied them. We insist that it is not conducive to that serenity of spirit essential to the study of an art whose greatest attribute is "perfect peace," to be reminded, while confronted with the "melodious tenderness" of Correggio's *Vierge au Panier*, that the picture was bought for "a sum that would cover the little panel with sovereigns twenty-seven times over;" or to have our contemplation of Raphael's great picture rudely interrupted by a reference to the inferior motive which actuated its purchasers; for it was inferior, and like our insular conceit and desire to be better off than our neighbours, to buy the Madonna Ansidei in order that the National Gallery might rank "second to none, and superior to most of the great Continental galleries." Mr. Cook is specially fond of the financial aspect of his subject, and suggests that the table of prices given in the final index "would afford material for an instructive history of recent fashions in art." What has anyone who is only even half in earnest got to do with fashions in art or in anything? It is difficult enough for some of us who may be more than half in earnest to save a little leisure, a little freshness of spirit, for a worshipful glance at the wonders wrought of beauty and splendour, of sincerity and strength, that have found their way to Trafalgar Square—perhaps the greatest wonder of all—without having our necessary worldly ideas perpetually recalled at the moments of our intensest interest in what is unworldly, by references to the rise and fall in the market value of that for which no amount of money can be an equivalent.

We have no difficulty, however, in agreeing with Mr. Ruskin that this is by far and away the most interesting and best-arranged handbook for the illustration of any collection of paintings that has ever been compiled. The new edition has been revised, rearranged to suit the rearrangements in the Gallery, and enlarged with notes on all the new pictures and fresh information concerning pictures which were acquired while the second edition was passing through the press. The reader and sightseer who reads and looks in order to be able to talk—with whom we have no quarrel to pick at all: we only "differentiate" him—should not be without this handbook; and those who wish to understand and enjoy, will find Mr. Cook the very best companion on their visits to the National Gallery.

A STORY IN SEVENTY-FOUR LETTERS.

A Mariage de Convenance. By C. F. Keary. Two vols. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1890.

Mr. Keary has written a novel in two volumes which has already received, and seems to us to deserve, attention. It cannot be said to be a pleasant book; it does not make you laugh much; but then its subject is man—vain, greedy, foolish, faithless man.

The story is told in letters, in seventy-four letters, and nowhere else. They are published without note or comment. What is more, none of the letters are impossible—letters like those of that good girl Pamela, or of Clarissa, that goddess of the Inkstand. Statisticians, a weary race, have made the calculations necessary to prove how many hours a day Miss Harlowe must have spent in writing those letters of hers, and they tell us it was eight. Mr. Keary's characters impose no such tax upon our credulity. The few letters in his book that can be called long were written under circumstances which even in these hurried days would justify, if not demand, a little detail.

The man whom Mr. Keary, with unflinching hand,

dissects for our edification is a Mr. Arthur Norris, who introduces himself to us after the completion of what men call their education. His first words are in the Latin tongue. He has had a slight disappointment in love, has somewhat broken down in health, is, when he is at home, a lecturer on botany at King's, and decidedly impecunious. Of religious faith or moral principle he has not a shred. He is also fond of the society of the female of his species. We know this young man well, and so does Mr. Keary, and describes him to a turn.

"The daughter of my landlady, Madame Pfau, hath the most wonderful eyes I ever beheld. They are worth coming across Europe to look at only once. By day they are green, a deep sea-green, or like the darkest shade in malachite. By night they are not blue but purple, the most absolute violet about which one reads in novels (especially French ones), but never saw in real life before." One naturally wishes ill to a young man capable of writing like this to a barrister of Lincoln's Inn.

One of the artistic advantages of telling a story in letters is that the reader knows nothing except what the characters impart to him. He has not the author at his ear, telling him what never is told, and showing him what is never on view. It is a still drama, and if people do not like it, it is because they have grown lazy and love to be told everything beforehand.

What passed between Arthur Norris and Fräulein Pfau in Lower Austria in March, 1882, is not on record. We know they sang duets together, which was probably unpleasant; and that they kissed one another very occasionally, which was certainly improper.

Mr. Norris's health being restored, he returns to London and botany, and is introduced to a distant cousin, a young lady of ordinary character, who upon the death of a baronet will succeed to the property, whilst the title will descend upon our hero. The two are juxta-posed, and marry. The husband is bored by a country life; the lady whose eyes are green by day and purple by night appears at the opera, and they go off together. They are not happy. The lady has lovers, and one day at New York there is a scuffle, a shot is fired, and our quondam botany lecturer is metamorphosed into a murderer, and flies from the only justice men of his unhappy frame of mind can ever bring themselves to recognise, namely, that which is organised by the police force. He escapes to England, has an interview by accident with his wife, sails for Australia, is arrested at Adelaide, where, to avoid the "law's delay" and other annoyances, he blows his brains out. It is impossible to feel the least sympathy with him, nor are we meant to do so.

The story is managed with great skill. The letters are chiefly from Arthur Norris himself, his wife, and a friend of the former's.

One great difficulty in Mr. Keary's way was how to make it apparent to the reader that Arthur was an agreeable young man to meet, and one for whom it was possible for his friends to entertain affection. This certainly is not made clear, nor could it properly be so by Norris's own letters. That kind of man does not write nice letters, though he may be a most pleasant companion and delightful talker. The short accounts which Norris does occasionally give of his talk and behaviour only make one wonder how any man or woman endured him for a moment. A letter from his friend Mr. Purcell, incidentally describing Arthur's general effect upon his friends might, we think, advantageously have been introduced. We also plead for a little comedy. Two volumes without any fun in them is hard treatment. There is a good deal of laughter in life. Adultery, desertion, murder and suicide need a little relief. Let us never forget the Porter in *Macbeth*.

It would be interesting but endless to inquire whether Arthur Norris is or is not a type. Are there many young men like him moving about? If so, it is a pity, for suicide is obviously beyond the reach of the masses.

However this may be, Mr. Keary has done his dreary task well and with some masterly strokes.

DESPERATELY FUNNY.

VERY MUCH ABROAD. By F. C. Burnand. London: Bradbury, Agnew & Co. 1890.

A NEW LIGHT THROWN ACROSS (THE-KEEP-IT-QUITE) DARKEST AFRICA. By F. C. Burnand. London: Trischler & Company. 1890.

FUNNY STORIES. Told by Phineas T. Barnum, "a fellow of infinite jest." London: Routledge & Sons. 1890.

MR. BURNAND once upon a time wrote "Chikkin Hazard," and it was as excellent a piece of fooling as the heart could desire. This is what he writes nowadays:—

"1. The only newspapers published in the Vineyard country, are issued from the Wine Press. In the fruitful season, which is also the shooting season, you will often see a poor peasant, who is unable to buy a gun in order to keep off the small birds, watching for the tiny depredators of the vines, having previously loaded himself with grape."

"2. Owing to a breakdown on the part of the engine—very volatile conduct of an engine doing a 'breakdown,' but perhaps it is its way of letting off a little superfluous steam—our stoppages at the stations are so uncertain that it is very risky to leave our carriage at all."

"3. I say to Eminent P. 'Are you a Moslem?' Slowly he withdraws his cigarette from his lips as he answers, 'Well, I have a great respect for a big prophet.' 'How do you spell prophet?' I ask. He produces three butterfly nets, and shows me a case of butterflies. 'These,' he says quietly, 'are my net profits.' I rather think he is what they term 'getting at *me*.' But I, who am a match for any number of Turks and Egyptians, am not to be got at by one Eminent P.! 'Are you a worshipper of Brahma?' I ask. 'Look at my locks,' he replies, smiling. 'They're my own patent; not much Brahma about them, eh?' 'A Parsee, perhaps,' I suggest. 'A Pa-cha, you mean,' he returns lightly. 'A Fetiche-worshipper?' I inquire. He laughs in his quiet cynical way as he thrusts one finger under my fifth rib, a way he has when he particularly wishes to emphasise a joke, and says, 'How's your poor Fetiche?' which as an answer is idiotic, and as chaff is old-fashioned and out of place. 'Are you a Hebrew?' I say, returning to the charge. He lifts up his hands and exclaims piously, 'O law!' 'A Christian, maybe?' I hint. He reflects for a few seconds, then observes, rather as if talking to himself than to me, 'I've known a many insects in my time, but I never yet heard of a Christian May bee.'"

And so on, and so on. To alter slightly Mr. Burnand's own words, as literature this strikes us as poor, and as humour out of date. Few men we imagine could utter such stuff in conversation without waking up in the night and perspiring at the recollection. To sit down solemnly and correct proof-sheets of it must be terrible indeed.

Mr. Phineas T. Barnum describes himself on his title-page as "a fellow of infinite jest," and he ought to know. His authoritative statement may relieve a critic of any sense of responsibility when brought face to face with such an anecdote as the following:—

"On one occasion, while dining in my Fifth Avenue House, I was carving a chicken. 'That is right,' said Dr. Chapin; 'Barnum, cut away, but don't "pull it" out.' 'Oh no,' I rejoined, 'that would be a hein-ous offence.' 'Yes, quite a "fowl" transaction. Scratch away.' 'Oh, "comb, comb," that is not much of a pun.' 'That is what I "cackel-ated" myself.' 'Well, don't "crow" about it.' 'I wish Bone-a-part(e) would help me eat this.' 'Then we should have a "battle of the spurs," which would make you feel "in fine feather."' '"Eggs-actly." I am getting "chicken-hearted," and if you make another pun I shall have to give up.' 'I was just thinking if you would make another one "chant-i-cleer."'"

The "infinity" here is perhaps more obvious than the "jest." But it must be instructive to dine at Mr. Barnum's "Fifth Avenue House." "As a general rule," says Mr. Barnum, "the English, like the Scotch, are not so ready as Americans in taking a joke;" and this is doubtless the reason why, in his English edition, he obligingly rubs in his humour with the aid of inverted commas and explanatory brackets. The book is designed to "smooth the wrinkles from many careworn brows, and bring smiles on myriads of tear-stained faces." It is an honourable desire: but of the jokes that are to accomplish it, we may use, perhaps, the language of a certain Frenchman quoted on p. 102. He had a horse for sale, and a prospective buyer remarked, "Your horse is rather small." "Yes," replied the Frenchman, "he's little; but he's —— old!"

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.*

WE are much afraid that modern school-boys—even the more ambitious members of the tribe—will never read Gibbon, Milman, and Freeman for themselves, so long as their tutors and governors are obliging enough to give them the pith of these historians in neat little books which do not tax the brain or demand time for the mastery of their contents. Here, for instance, is a dainty volume of less than one hundred and forty pages, entitled "The Prelude to Modern History," which professes to give a sketch in outline of the world's annals from the third to the ninth century. Mr. Symes intimates that the volume contains the substance of a course of lectures delivered last year at University College, Nottingham. The booklet is an attempt to describe the three great movements which "connect ancient with modern history;" and these three great movements, of course, are the decline and fall of the Roman Empire, the spread of Christianity, and the gradual formation of the new European nations. Incidentally the book also seeks to deal with the rise and spread of Mohametanism, so that not only the sphere of Gibbon, Milman, and Freeman, is invaded, but also that of Bosworth-Smith. This is an absurd programme for so small a book, and the narrative, though accurate as far as it goes, is of necessity hopelessly superficial. No doubt Mr. Symes is right in thinking that "every moderately-educated person should know something of the forces which contribute to build up modern Europe," but a little learning is proverbially a dangerous thing, and the dose which is administered in this instance is quite homœopathic in its proportions.

Before the days of steam and iron ships, life afloat was, in many respects, different from what it is to-day. Sailors took more pride in their vessels, and felt more love for them, when voyages had to be reckoned by months and years, instead of weeks and days. Mr. Leslie reminds us, in his breezy and picturesque book on "Old Sea Wings, Ways, and Words," that passengers in the East Indiaman a century ago—like the ships in which they travelled—were in no hurry. People had more time, and they settled down to enjoy the life of the ship, without working themselves into a nervous fever in useless anxiety to get to the end of the voyage. Steam has not, of course, entirely banished the use of sails on board ocean-going ships, but the old type of "seamanship" has, nevertheless, almost disappeared through the introduction of steel-spars and wire-rope in the place of oak and hemp. Mr. Leslie, indeed, fears that even on board a large clipper sailing-ship few of the crew are now able to "turn in a dead-eye, strop a block, or point a rope in the old ship-shape Bristol fashion." Our young naval officers and blue-jackets are still put through their drill in such matters, but Mr. Leslie thinks that—like school-boys' Latin—they soon forget nearly the whole of it for want of practice. The book throws much light on the build and rig of the ships and boats of former ages, and it ends with an alphabetically arranged list of sea-terms, some of which, though obsolete afloat, are still used ashore. There are a number of spirited illustrations scattered through the book, and they bring vividly before the reader the changed conditions under which navigation is now pursued.

"Scenes and Stories of the North of Scotland" is the title of a book in which tales and legends of the North are happily blended with descriptions of places which lie remote from the beaten tracks of ordinary travel. Mr. Sinclair's heart is evidently in the Highlands, and that circumstance in part explains the charm of this bright and unconventional record. The book, however, is the outcome of abundant knowledge, as well as enthusiasm, and this enables him to give us the pith of many of the romantic traditions which "cling like ivy round old-world walls such as those of Eilandonaw Castle," that grim old stronghold of the Mackenzies, at the entrance of Loch Duich in Skye. Not even a wild Highland landscape, in Mr. Sinclair's judgment, is perfect without its little curl of smoke in a corner, to suggest some relation between nature and man. He takes us to the Black Rock in Ross-shire and we ramble across the island of Lewis in his pleasant company, and afterwards explore the wild coast of Caithness, lingering for a while at Thurso, the most northern town on the mainland of Great Britain, in order to interview three "worthies" of the place. The book ends with a delightful description of the Shetland Islands. It will be news to most people on this side of the border to learn that the real Shetlander does not consider himself a Scotchman at all, but a pure Norseman. Mr. Sinclair states that when he first took lodgings in one of the islands, he was advised to visit a farmer, a Mr. Grant, some two miles away, because the true-blue son of the Vikings under whose roof he was sheltered said, "He is a Scotchman like yourself." As the Shetland Islands have belonged to Scotland for a considerable number of centuries, this survival of the Norse element in so uncompromising a form is somewhat remarkable.

The aim of "Colloquial French for Travellers" is to give a careful analysis of French sounds as compared with English, as well as to provide a compact phrase-book for the tourist, suitable for all ordinary purposes. It is one thing for the tourist to have a volume of phrases in his possession, and quite another to roll them forth in a manner which the natives comprehend. Most books of this kind do not supply colloquial phrases, but furnish the student with stilted and round-about expressions, which may be grammatically correct, but upon the delivery of which the person interrogated is apt to break in with expressions of assent or dissent, or it may be inquiry, which land the nervous visitor in hopeless confusion. In fact, properly to use a phrase-book, you want to be quite sure that every man in the street or the shop whom you accost will have patience to hear you out, and sufficient consideration for the limitations of your knowledge to answer you in the precise terms which the phrase-book considers he should employ. This little volume is ambitious enough to attempt an analysis of French pronunciation, but this is too fearsome a subject for us to intermeddle with it; so we will content ourselves with saying "Au revoir," which in our little book is interpreted thus, "Oh revwahrr," for the benefit of the young English tourist whose education, so far as the modern languages is concerned, has been neglected.

"The Evolution of Photography" is the title of a modestly-written volume of some three hundred pages, which gives a chronological record of the successive discoveries and inventions by means of which a graceful art has been brought to its present pitch of perfection. Mr. Werge's personal reminiscences extend over a period of forty years, and as photography itself only dates from the commencement of the Queen's reign, such recollections practically cover all but the earliest stage of its development. It is claimed, and not without some show of reason, that the world is indebted to England rather than to France for the discovery of photography, to the Rev. J. B. Reade, and not M. L. J. Daguerre. Portraits, amongst others, will be found in the book of Reade, Daguerre, Fox Talbot, Goddard, and Archer—the inventor of collodion. The latter, unfortunately, did not live to benefit by his great invention, and one of the cleverest appeals to the charitable which has ever appeared in print was called forth by the Archer Testimonial in the pages of *Punch* in 1857. Mr. Werge has not attempted to add another to the innumerable text-books on photography, and therefore he has wisely refrained from elaborate descriptions of the manipulations necessary in this or that process. The book, however, gives a clear and animated summary of the gradual growth of the art, and is a welcome and, in its way, a valuable addition to the literature of the subject.

Sportsmen will find a good deal that is fresh and suggestive in a volume of some two hundred pages which has just appeared, entitled "The Scientific Education of Dogs for the Gun." The author, who partially veils his identity under well-known initials, states at the outset that the hints which he gives on the subject are the result of thirty-seven years' practical experience in the management of sporting dogs. Great stress is laid on the housing and feeding of dogs, for with quadrupeds, no less than with bipeds, health is an essential condition of successful training. There are some capital anecdotes in the book, and though the style in which it is written is a somewhat careless one, the practical utility of the work is undeniable.

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* THE PRELUDE TO MODERN HISTORY. By J. E. Symes, M.A. Maps. London: Rivington's, Waterloo Place. 12mo. (2s. 6d.)

OLD SEA WINGS, WAYS, AND WORDS, IN THE DAYS OF OAK AND HEMP. By Robert C. Leslie. Illustrated. London: Chapman & Hall, Limited. Royal 8vo.

SCENES AND STORIES OF THE NORTH OF SCOTLAND. By John Sinclair, author of "Heather Belles," etc. Illustrated. Edinburgh: James Thin; and London: Simpkin Marshall & Co. Demy 8vo.

COLLOQUIAL FRENCH FOR TRAVELLERS. A Handbook for English-speaking Travellers and Students. By H. Swan. London: David Nutt, Strand, W.C. 12mo. (1s.)

THE EVOLUTION OF PHOTOGRAPHY. By John Werge. Illustrated. Piper & Carter, Furnival Street, Holborn, W.C. Crown 8vo.

THE SCIENTIFIC EDUCATION OF DOGS FOR THE GUN. By "H. H." London: Sampson Low, Marston & Co., Limited. Post 8vo. (6s.)

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